THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

SEPTEMBER, 1804.

SKETCH OF THE MEMOIRS AND WRITINGS OF THE *REV. THOMAS HAWEIS, L.L.B. & M.D.*

WE have often remarked at the commencement of our biographical narratives, that our labours were devoted to no peculiar party, either in politics or in religion. As to both these subjects, we know their advocates differ widely from each other, and treat each other, not unfrequently, with a most unjustifiable acrimony. Be it our province, however, to state matters with impartiality. We wish well to every good citizen—we say—God speed—to every sincere, honest, and well-meaning professor of christianity.

The subject of our memoir is well known for his having taken a lead in that branch of the methodists, who have been patronised by the late Lady Huntingdon. His talents and his learning have been devoted for a long series of years to the prosperity of that connection.

Dr. THOMAS HAWEIS was born in the county of Cornwall—and the grammar-school at Truro was destined to lay the basis of his classical education. How long he remained at this seminary we have not been able to learn; but, upon finishing his education there, he was put apprentice to an eminent surgeon and apothecary. He served his time with fidelity and application.

Mr. Samuel Walker was Curate of Truro at that time, and Mr. Haweis was deeply impressed by his ministry—hence his mind became much affected by religion, nor did he rest till he had obtained leave to relinquish his original profession. His relatives and friends did not think proper to oppose his inclinations; he soon entered himself of Christ's College in the University of Cambridge. Here he took the degree of L.L.B. or Bachelor of Laws—for he prosecuted his studies with an unwearied attention.

Being admitted to holy orders, he soon distinguished himself by preaching, especially at Oxford, where he delivered, in the year 1760, a series of discourses, which he afterwards published under the title of "Evangelical Sermons."

Not long after this period, Dr. Haweis became assistant at the chapel of the Lock Hospital, to Mr. Madan, the celebrated author of "Thelypthora;" and about the same time he was appointed Chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon.

During his continuance at the Lock Chapel, a circumstance occurred respecting him which made no small noise in the world. A gentleman attending that place of worship, informed Mr. Madan that he had a living in his gift which he meant to bestow on a minister of *evangelical* sentiments. Mr. M. recommended Mr. Haweis, who was inducted into the said living—but a demand was afterwards made, with which the reverend gentleman did not think fit to comply. The affair got into print, and excited considerable bustle in the religious world. Many were very severe in their reflections on the subject of our memoir—with what justice it is not our province to determine. Certain it is, that the apostle Paul enjoins religious professors to avoid *the appearance of evil*—and for this good reason that the *very appearance of evil* in ministers of the gospel, to whom we look for an example, not unfrequently injures the sacred and venerable cause of christianity.

Not long after this unhappy business, Dr. H. published the *Evangelical Expositor* in two volumes folio. It was in fact a commentary on the scriptures, and displayed on the part of the author much diligence and attention.

At the death of that celebrated religionist, Lady Huntingdon, Dr. H. who had been her chaplain for some years, found himself nominated by her will one of the principal trustees of her various chapels in town and country.

Upon the establishment of the *Missionary*

Society, in 1795, Dr. H. preached a sermon at Spa-fields chapel, and has since taken a very active part in promoting the purposes of the institution. At this meeting he read a memorial, in which he examined the subject with precision and accuracy. He even recommended that the mission should be first of all made to the Friendly Islands in the South Sea, a measure which was adopted. The sermon and memorial were much admired —they were printed, and are to be found in the papers belonging to the society.

Much about this time Dr. H. received his medical diploma from one of the Scotch universities; and, it may be proper to add, that he often gives advice *gratis*, and visits poor sick people at their habitations.

In 1797, he published the Life of *Romaine*, who was a leading character among that class of methodists who confine themselves within the pale of the church of England.

The Missionary Society seems to occupy the attention of our divine—for he is intent on furthering the ends for which it was instituted. Few individuals have interested themselves more in this benevolent undertaking; and, however we may be disposed to censure some of the means taken by them to accomplish their purpose, the great object they have in view cannot fail of meeting our approbation.

D. H. has not long ago produced an *History of the Church*, from the birth of Christ down

to the present times. Much information is to be found in this work, though we could have wished to have seen specified the authorities on which his statements are grounded. Authenticity is the soul of history. As the methodists are an increasing body, the reader will be gratified with the account given of them in the pages of this work. Their classes are enumerated and explained. We perceive the links of the chain which keeps so motley an assemblage together—and it excites our admiration.

From the above cursory narrative, it appears, that Dr. THOMAS HAWEIS is a man of talents and of learning—that he has devoted himself to the duties of his profession, which, indeed, he has prosecuted with an ardent zeal, and an unremitting activity.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 91.

THE CHASE.

A POEM; BY WILLIAM SOMERVILE, ESQ.

(A new Edition with Notes by Major Topham, and exquisite Engravings.)

HAVING, in the last series of the REFLECTOR, introduced to the reader a new poem, the *Powers of Genius*—we shall now analyse an *old* poem of singular merit; and on a subject which will impart some degree of amusement. Its author was born about 1692, in Warwickshire; and, after passing through life as the companion of Addison and Shenstone, died in 1743. He has celebrated his favourite pursuit, and rendered it entertaining to posterity.

The CHASE consists of *four* books; the first only shall be the present subject of examination.

After an introductory address to the prince of Wales, the origin and uses of hunting are thus described:

Incumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
Upon their shoulders broad the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars smoke a sacrifice
To that all gracious Power, whose bounteous hand
Supports his wide creation—what remains

On living coals, they broil inelegant
Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And strong necessity, thus first began
The chase of beasts—tho' bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt. For the green herb alone
Unequal to sustain man's lab'ring race—
Now every moving thing that liv'd on earth
Was granted him for food. So just is Heaven
To give us in proportion to our wants!

The following apostrophe is peculiarly fine.

Hail, happy Britain! highly favor'd isle,
And Heav'n's peculiar care—to thee 'tis giv'n
To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
Begot by winds, or the celestial breed
That bore the great Pelides thro' the press
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks—
Which proudly neighing, with the sun begins
Cheerful his course; and, ere his beams decline,
Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigued!

The *hound* is also finely delineated:

In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect *hound*, in scent and speed
As yet unrivall'd; while, in other climes,
Their virtue fails—a weak, degenerate race.
In vain malignant steams and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts—
The huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exercise to raise
His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy!

The author, as an *old sportsman*, happily exclaims—

——————What, tho' the gripe severe
Of brazen fisted Time, and slow disease
Creeping thro' every vein and nerve unstrung,
Afflict my shatter'd frame; undaunted, still
Fix'd as the mountain ash, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove! tho' blasted, yet unfall'n;
Still can my soul in Fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous scene
In all its splendor deck'd—o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs past, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way,
Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,
The poor disbanded *veteran*'s sole delight!

Speaking of the *dogs*, oppressed with heat, a lively picture is presented to the imagination—

Tumultuous soon, they plunge into the stream,
Their lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave—this way and that,
From shore to shore they swim, while clamor loud,
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood.
Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings
Coursing around, pursuing and pursu'd,
The merry multitude disporting play!

The direction for the choice of a *hound* is curious—

——————But here a mean
Observe, nor the large hound prefer—of size
Gigantic—he in the thick-wov'n covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarrass'd, bleeds—but, if too small,
The pigmy brood in ev'ry furrow swims;
Moil'd in the cloggy clay, panting, they lag

Behind, inglorious, or else shivering creep,
Benumb'd and faint, beneath the sheltering thorn.
For *hounds* of middle size, active and strong,
Will better answer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleasing labours with success!

From these specimens of the first book of this ingenious poem, the reader will perceive that it is a production of merit, happy in its plan, and singularly happy in its execution.

Islington. J. E.

THE

LATE JOHN CAPPER, ESQ.

THIS gentleman was, perhaps, the most eccentric character living since the celebrated Elwes. He was born in Cheshire, of humble parents; his family being numerous, he came to London at an early age (as he used to say) to shift for himself, and was bound apprentice to a grocer. Mr. Capper soon manifested great quickness and industry, and proved a most valuable servant to his master. It was one of the chief boasts of his life, that he had gained the confidence of his employer, and never betrayed it.

Being of an enterprising spirit, Mr. Capper commenced business as soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-lane. His old master was his only friend, and recommended him so strongly to

the dealers in his line, that credit, to a very large amount, was given to him. In proportion, as he became successful, he embarked in various speculations, but in none was so fortunate as in the funds. He at length amassed a sum sufficient to enable him to decline all business whatever.

Mr. Capper, having now lost his old master, was resolved to lead a sedentary life. This best suited his disposition; for, although he possessed many amiable qualities, yet he was the most tyrannical and overbearing man living, and never seemed so happy as when placed by the side of a churlish companion. For several days he walked about the vicinity of London searching for lodgings, without being able to please himself. Being one day much fatigued, he called at the Horns at Kennington, took a chop and spent the day, and asked for a bed in his usual blunt manner, when he was answered in the same churlish style by the landlord, that he could not have one. Mr. Capper was resolved to stop if he could, all his life, to plague the *growling fellow*, and refused to retire. After some altercation, however, he was accommodated with a bed, and never slept out of it for twenty-five years. During that time he made no agreement for lodging or eating, but wished to be considered a customer only for the day. For many years he talked about quitting this residence the next day.

His manner of living was so methodical,

that he would not drink his tea out of any other than a favourite cup. He was equally particular with respect to his knives and forks, plates, &c. In winter and summer he rose at the same hour, and when the mornings were dark, he was so accustomed to the house, that he walked about the apartments without the assistance of any light. At breakfast he arranged in a peculiar way, the paraphernalia of the tea-table, but first of all he would read the newspapers. At dinner, he also observed a general rule, and invariably drank his pint of wine. His supper was uniformly a gill of run, with sugar, lemon-peel, and porter mixed together; the latter he saved from the pint he had at dinner. From this economical plan he never deviated. His bill for a fortnight amounted regularly to 4l. 18s. He called himself the Champion of Government, and his greatest glory was certainly his country and king. He joined in all subscriptions which tended to the aid of government. He was exceedingly choleric, and nothing raised his anger so soon as declaiming against the British Constitution. In the parlour he kept his favourite chair, and there he would often amuse himself with satirizing the customers, or the landlord, if he could make his jokes tell better. It was his maxim never to join in general conversation, but to interrupt it whenever he could say any thing ill-natured.

Mr. Capper's conduct to his relations was exceedingly capricious; he never would see

any of them. As they were chiefly in indigent circumstances, he had frequent applications from them to borrow money. "Are they industrious?" he would enquire: when being answered in the affirmative, he would add, "Tell them, I have been deceived already, and never will advance a sixpence by way of loan; but I will give them the sum they want; and, if ever I hear they make known the circumstance, I will cut them off with a shilling."

Soon after Mr. Townsend became landlord of the Horns, he had an opportunity of making a few good ready-money purchases, and applied to the old man for a temporary loan. "I wish (said he) to serve you, Townsend; you seem an industrious fellow; but how is it to be done, Mr. Townsend? I have sworn never to lend, I must therefore give it thee." Which he accordingly did the following day. Mr. Townsend proved grateful for this mark of liberality, and never ceased to administer to him every comfort the house would afford; and, what was perhaps more gratifying to the old man, he indulged him in his eccentricities.

Mr. Capper was elected steward of the parlour-fire, and if any persons were daring enough to put a poker in it without his permission, they stood a fair chance of feeling the weight of his cane. In summer time a favorite diversion of his was killing flies in the parlour with his cane; but, as he was sensi-

ble of the ill-opinion this would produce among the bye-standers, he would with great ingenuity introduce a story about the rascality of all Frenchmen, "whom (says he) I hate and detest, and would knock down just the same as these flies." This was the signal for attack, and presently the killed and wounded were scattered about in all quarters of the room.

This truly eccentric character lived to the age of seventy-seven, in excellent health, and it was not until a month since that a visible alteration was perceived in him. Having risen at an earlier period than usual, he was observed to walk about the house exceedingly agitated and convulsed. Mr. Townsend pressed him to suffer medical assistance to be sent for, which Mr. Capper then, and at all times, had a great aversion to. He asked for pen and ink, evinced great anxiety to write, but could not. Mr. Townsend, apprehending his dissolution nigh, endeavoured, but in vain, to get permission to send for Mr. Capper's relations, and tried to obtain their address for that purpose. He refused, saying that he should be better. On the second day, seeing no hopes of recovery, Mr. Townsend called in four respectable gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and had seals put upon all Mr. Capper's property. One of the four gentlemen recollected the address of Mr. Capper's two nephews, of the name of Dutton, who

were immediately sent for. They resided in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-lane.

As soon as the old gentleman's dissolution had taken place, his desks, trunks, and boxes were opened by the Messrs. Duttons and their lawyer; when they found 100l. in bank notes, a few guineas, a great many government securities, and a will, which the parties present proceeded to read. It was curiously worded, and made on the back of a sheet of bankers checks. It was dated five years back, and the bulk of his property, which was then upwards of 30,000l. he left equally amongst his poor relations. The two nephews were nominated executors, and were bequeathed between them 8000l. in the three per cents. What has become of all the property which has been accumulating since the will was made, does not appear. From Mr. Capper's declaration in his life-time, there was reason to suppose he had made another will, as the one found did not appear to be witnessed.

The remains of the old gentleman were deposited in Aldgate church-yard, where his deceased sister lies.

MUTINY.

THE following narrative is chiefly extracted from the Barbadoes Expositor, of the 17th November last, and is the first au-

thenticated account which has yet come before the public, of a transaction which, at the time, excited a strong interest in the maritime and mercantile world.—It relates to the ship Friendship, in the African trade, belonging to the port of Liverpool, of which Messrs. Brown, Huson, M'Cawley, &c. are the owners. This ship was seized by the crew in Majumba Bay, in the absence of the captain, about the end of the year 1801, but afterwards carried into Barbadoes by a stratagem of one of the crew.

In the autumn of 1801, the Friendship sailed from Liverpool on a voyage to Africa and the West Indies; early in October that year, she arrived on the coast, and anchored in Majumba Bay; the captain having occasion to go on shore for the purpose of bartering the commodities he carried for the natives of the country, the boat that conveyed him returned to the ship with intelligence, that that night he would stay ashore; some of the seamen were at this time intoxicated.

At night, when the chief-mate, Kennedy, in the absence of the captain had set the watch, and, as if suspecting a conspiracy, had come upon the quarter-deck, and wrapping himself in his surtout, had laid himself down to sleep, the mutiny began. It was dark, and the utmost tumult and confusion ensued. A part of the crew had possessed themselves of fire-arms. Copeland, the surgeon, twice snapped a musquet at the steward, and actu-

ally fired it at M'Cawley, the third mate, and son of an owner of the vessel. Kennedy and M'Cawley, unable to resist, and maltreated by the mutineers, retired to the cabin, to which they afterwards confined them. The unfortunate Jelly, the second mate, more resolute, and less prudent perhaps, was killed by a ball from a musquet, and instantly thrown overboard. While this scene of violence continued, the cable of the ship was cut, the sails unfurled, and the ship got underweigh and put to sea.

The leaders of the mutiny now assumed the command, and a few hours afterwards compelled the two mates, and such others as they thought were not friendly to their projects, to quit the vessel; and having put provisions and water in the boat, they left them at the disposal of Providence, by whose protection they regained the African coast, and since arriving in this island, with the captain, have been the principal means of convicting these pirates. Sherborne, the boatswain, had got into the boat, with intent to accompany them, but him the mutineers detained; his services were necessary to the execution of their daring scheme, for he was the only man remaining on board whose knowledge of navigation enabled him to direct the vessel's course; that course, after some consultation, the mutineers agreed should be for some French port, and as the fittest for their purpose, they fixed on Cayenne.

They had not been many days at sea, before a party of them, among which was probably Jelley's murderer, impelled by the dread of the justice they merited, resolved to leave the ship in the remaining boat, which they did, and have not hitherto been heard of.

Sherborne, in seeming obedience to their command to steer the vessel for Cayenne, practised a most praise-worthy deception, though perilous in the extreme for himself; the first hour he took upon him to direct the ship, he formed a counterplot, to conduct the ship to Barbadoes, while he made the pirates believe he was carrying her to Cayenne; this he communicated only to the carpenter, Snowden, and another, in whose fidelity he deposited his life; in the prosecution of it he met with deserved success; happily his intention was never discovered. As they approached Barbadoes, the sloop-of-war, the Hornet, hove in sight; then, in their terror, the pirates proposed to plug up the shot-holes that were conspicuous in various parts of the vessel, as an expedient to elude enquiry and suspicion; but the councils of villainy, under the influence of fear, are generally precipitate, unsteady, and unwise. Suffice it to relate, that on the ship's being boarded by the Hornet's boat, the whole was disclosed; the principals, named by the boatswain and carpenter, secured, brought into Barbadoes, and committed to the prison of that island, to be tried for the heinous offences of which they were accused.

After a long and very interesting trial, which took place on the 9th of November last, the president of the court declared, that the court had unanimously found Copeland, Carr, and Lewis, three of the prisoners, guilty, and acquitted Smith. He then, after a long and very excellent address to the prisoners, in which he descanted on the ruinous nature of the crime they had committed to the dearest interests of Great Britain, passed sentence on the three unhappy men, and they were to be executed on the 18th of November.

LETTERS
FROM SIR WILLIAM JONES TO SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

(Extracted from the Life of Sir William Jones, just published.)

BY LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

SIR WILLIAM JONES TO MR. JUSTICE HYDE.

Jaferhabad, April 30, 1786.

I DELAYED, my dear Sir, to answer your kind letter of the 10th, until I could give you an accurate account of my motions towards Calcutta. We shall not stay here a whole week longer, but proceed, as soon as we can make preparations for our journey, to the burning well,* and thence through Tipera

* The burning-well is situated about twenty-two miles from Chatigan, at the termination of a

to Dacca; an old engagement will oblige us to deviate a little out of our way to Comarcaly;

valley surrounded by hills. I visited it in 1778, and from *recollection* am enabled to give the following account of it. The shape of the well, or rather reservoir, is oblong, about six feet by four, and the depth does not exceed twelve feet. The water, which is always cold, is supplied by a spring, and there is a conduit for carrying off the superfluity; a part of the surface of the well, about a fourth, is covered with brick-work, which is nearly ignited by the flames, which flash without intermission from the surface of the water. It would appear that an inflammable vapour escapes through the water, which takes fire on contact with the external air; the perpetuity of the flame is occasioned by the ignited brick-work, as without this, much of the vapour would escape without conflagration. This was proved by taking away the covering of brick-work after the extinction of the heat, by throwing upon it the water of the well. The flames still continued to burst forth from the surface, but with momentary intermissions, and the vapour was always immediately kindled by holding a candle at a small distance from the surface of the water. A piece of silver placed in the conduit for carrying off the superfluous water, was discoloured in a few minutes, and an infusion of tea gave a dark tinge to the water.

On the side of a hill distant about three miles from the burning well, there is a spot of ground of a few feet only in dimensions, from which flashes of fire burst on stamping strongly with the foot. The appearance of this spot resembled that of earth, on which a fire had been kindled. I do not recollect whether it was hot to the touch.

and if the Jellingly be navigable, we shall soon be in Calcutta, if not, we must pass a second time through the Sundarbans; in all events, nothing I think can hinder my being in court on the 15th of June. Suffer me now to thank you, as I do most heartily, for the very useful information which you give me concerning money matters. The ancients said, (not very properly of their imaginary gods) 'carior est divis homo, quam sibi:' but I may truly say, 'carior est amicis, quam sibi,' speaking of myself, and your friendly attentions to me.

FROM THE SAME, TO SIR J. MACPHERSON, BART.

May 6, 1786.

I DELAYED from day to day, and from week to week, the pleasure of answering your acceptable letter, which I received, I am afraid, so long ago as the middle of March. I wished to send you something interesting; but my days flowed on in the same equable and uniform tenor, and were only to be distinguished by the advances I made in my Persian, Indian, and botanical pursuits. In short, as it sometimes happens, by intending to write much, I had written nothing; and was preparing to give you some account of my motions towards the presidency, when I had the very great satisfaction of receiving your packet full of matter, full of pleasing accounts, and full of just observations*

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I read with pleasure, while I was at breakfast, Mr. Forster's lively little tract, and having finished my daily task of Persian reading with a learned Parsi of Yezd, who accompanied me hither, I allot the rest of the morning to you.

The approbation given at home to your seasonable exertions here, was but natural; it could not have been otherwise, and therefore it gives me great pleasure, but no surprise. Be assured that general applause ever has resulted, and ever will result from good actions and salutary measures, as certainly as an echo, in rocky places, follows the voice. You will readily believe me, when I assure you, that I have few things more at heart than that you may enjoy as much as you can desire of that echo, and receive no pain or injury from the rocks; for rocks abound, my friend, in the sea of life.

The Scripture speaks of nations overturning their *judges* in *stony places;* and ambitious judges ought to be overturned, but as I do not aspire, I can never fall from an eminence.

The state of parties in England, still makes me rejoice, that I am not in London. My friendships would lead me naturally to wish the rise of the ——— while my conscience, and my humble judgment oblige me to prefer ..... system as far as I know it. God grant he may adopt the best measures for

this country, and give them effect by the best means, without disarranging your measures, since the wheel of continual changes cannot but have a bad effect in the minds of the governed—but I sat down to write a letter, not a treatise.

By the way, I have read a second time here your friend's Treatise on the History of Civil Society, and am extremely pleased with it, especially his chapter on the relaxation of national spirit * * * * * * * *.

Your communications about the Lama will be truly interesting. I have read since I left Calcutta 800 pages in quarto, concerning the Mythology and History, both civil and natural, of Tibet. The work was printed with every advantage of new types and curious engravings, at Rome, about ten years ago, and was compiled from the papers of an Italian father, named Orazio, who had lived thirty years in that country and Napal, where he died. On my return, I purpose, with the permission of the society, to send a treatise to the press, which ought to stand first in our collections, as it will be a key to many other papers. I have caused six or seven plates to be engraved for it.

Always excepting my own imperfect essays, I may venture to foretel, that the learned in Europe will not be disappointed by our first volume. But my great object, at which I have long been labouring, is to give our coun-

try a complete digest of Hindu and Mussulman law. I have enabled myself by excessive care to read the oldest Sanscrit law-books, with the help of a loose Persian paraphrase; and I have begun a translation of Menu into English; the best Arabian law-tract, I translated last year. What I can possibly perform alone, I will by God's blessing perform; and I would write on the subject to the Minister, Chancellor, the Board of Controul, and the Directors, if I were not apprehensive that they who know the world, but do not fully know me, would think that I expected some advantage either of fame or patronage, by purposing to be made the Justinian of India; whereas I am conscious of desiring no advantage, but the pleasure of doing general good. I shall consequently proceed in the work by my own strength, and will print my digest by degrees at my own expense, giving copies of it where I know they will be useful. One point I have already attained; I made the pundit of our court read and correct a copy of Halhed's book in the original Sanscrit, and I then obliged him to attest it as good law, so that he never now can give corrupt opinions, without certain detection.

May your commercial blossom arrive at maturity with all the vigour of Indian vegetation.

My soul expands, like your blossom, at the idea of improved commerce; no subject is to me more animating.

I have a commercial idea for you, not a blossom, but as yet a germ only. What if Persia should now flourish! and what if the present king, Jaffier Khan, be really as great a man as represented! Persia wants many manufactures of India, and her king would be a valuable ally. * * * * *
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I have already thanked you for your kind attentions to Emin, and I beg to repeat them. Many in England will be equally thankful. He is a fine fellow; and if active service should be required, he would seek nothing so much, as to be placed in the most perilous edge of the battle.

The following Account is given by Lord Teignmouth of the above extraordinary Character.

FEW persons have passed through a greater variety of hardships and perilous adventures, than the person mentioned by Sir William Jones, under the name of Emin. Born at Hamadan, in Persia, of Armenian parents, and exposed during his infancy to uncommon disasters, while a mere youth he followed his father and ruined family to Calcutta. He had there an opportunity of observing the superiority of Europeans, in arms, arts, and sciences, over the Asiatics, and the impression which he received from it, inspired an invincible desire in Emin to acquire the knowledge which they possessed. For this purpose, he

determined, at all hazards, to visit England, and after a long opposition from his father, having obtained his reluctant assent, he adopted the only means left for the accomplishment of his purpose, by working his passage as a common sailor in one of the ships belonging to the East-India Company. After his arrival in England, he lost no time in beginning to acquire the instruction which he so anxiously desired, but his progress was retarded by the narrowness of his circumstances, and he was compelled to submit to menial occupations, and laborious employments, to procure a subsistence. Fortune favoured his perseverance, and in a moment of despair, he was accidentally introduced to the notice of the Duke of Northumberland, and afterwards to that of many gentlemen of rank and fortune, by whose assistance his views were promoted.*

* Previous to his introduction to the Duke of Northumberland, Emin had become acquainted with Edmund Burke, whom he accidentally met in the park. After some conversation, Mr. Burke invited Emin to his apartments, up two pair of stairs, at the sign of Pope's Head, at a bookseller's near the Temple. Emin, ignorant of the name of the gentleman who had treated him with so much courtesy, begged to be favoured with it, and Mr. Burke politely answered, "Sir, my name is Edmund Burke at your service; I am a run-away son from a father, as you are." He then presented half-a-guinea to Emin, saying, "upon my ho-

The great object of Emin, was to obtain a knowledge of military tactics, in the hopes of employing it successfully, in rescuing the liberty and religion of the country of his ancestors from the despotism of the Turks and Persians. After serving with the Prussian and English armies in Germany, he procured the means of transporting himself into the mountains of Armenia, in the view of offering his services to Heraclius, the reigning prince of Georgia, and of rousing the religious zeal and

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nour this is what I have at present, please to accept it."

Mr. Burke the next day visited Emin, and assisted him with his advice as to the books which he should read. He introduced him to his relation, Mr. William Burke; and for thirty years, Emin acknowledges that he was treated with unceasing kindness by both.

At the period of the commencement of his acquaintance with Mr. Burke, Emin had little left for his maintenance, and the prospect of accomplishing the purpose of his voyage to England became daily more gloomy. "Had not Mr. Burke consoled him now and then, (to use the words of Emin) he might have been lost for ever through despair; but his friend always advised him to put his trust in God, and he never missed a day without seeing Emin. He was writing books at the time, and desired the author (i. e. Emin) to copy them; the first was an Imitation of the late Lord Bolingbroke's Letter; the second, The Treatise of Sublime and Beautiful." Life of Emin, London edition, p. 93.

martial spirit of his countrymen. He had there the mortification to find his resources inadequate to the magnitude of the enterprise, and he was compelled to return disappointed to England. After some time spent in solicitation, he was enabled by the assistance of his patrons to proceed with recommendations to Russia, and thence, after various fatigues and impediments, which his fortitude and perseverance surmounted, he reached Tefflis, the capital of Georgia. After eight years of wandering, perils, and distress, through the mountains of that country and Armenia, he was obliged to abandon his visionary project, and returned to his father in Calcutta. Still anxious for the accomplishment of his plans, and no ways intimidated by the experience of past dangers and difficulties, he made a third attempt for the execution of them, and proceeded to Persia. This proved equally unsuccessful, and he again returned to Calcutta. In Emin, we see the same man, who was a sailor, a porter, a menial servant, and subsisting by charity, the companion of nobles, and patronised by princes and monarchs, ever persevering in his deepest distresses, a sense of honour, a spirit of integrity, a reliance upon Providence, and a firm adherence to the principles of christianity, in which he had been educated. During his residence in Calcutta, he published an account of his eventful life, which Sir William Jones condescended

to revise, so far only as to correct orthographical errors, but without any amendment of the style.

DESCRIPTION OF

THE ISLAND OF MALTA.

THE island of Malta is situate between Sicily and Africa, in 33 deg. 40 min. of east longitude from Ferro (15 deg. 54 min. east from London), and 35 deg. 44 min. 26 sec. of north latitude. It is the most southern island in Europe: distant 60 miles from Cape Passaro; a hundred and ninety from Cape Spartivento, in Calabria, the nearest point on the continent of Europe; two hundred from Calipia, the nearest part of the continent of Africa; and two hundred and seventy from Tripoly. It is sixty miles in circumference, twenty long, and twelve broad. It faces on the east the island of Candia; on the west, the small islands or rocks of Pantaleria, Linosa, and Lampedoso; on the north, Sicily; and on the south, the kingdom of Tunis.

There is nothing to be seen to the south and towards Tripoly, but shelves and rocks, without either creeks or ports; but to the east there is the port of Marsa-Scala, and towards the south-west that of Marsa-Sirocco, capable of containing a great number of vessels: farther on, and likewise between the

south and east, are the two gulfs of Antifeya and Musiaro; and at the very extremity of the island, towards the west, is an extremely commodious cove, serving as a road for ships: this is named Melecca, and is separated from Goza by a channel about four miles broad. The small islands of Cumin and Cumino are in the middle of this channel.

The port of St. Paul is on the coast opposite Sicily, and is so called from a tradition that the vessel in which Paul was sent prisoner to Rome was driven in there by a storm. St. George's port, towards the north, is not far distant from that of St. Paul. Directly facing Cape Passaro are two considerable ports: that to the left is Marsa Musceit, or Port Musset, in the midst of which is a small island; near which all vessels from the Levant, or any other place suspected of contagious disease, perform quarantine. The other is merely called Marsa, or the Great Port, and is situated to the east. These two are separated by a point of land, at the extremity of which is Fort St. Elmo, serving to defend the entrance of both ports. There are two parallel points of land, shaped like two fingers; these are in the Great Port, and project into the sea, being much less broad than long: the castle of St. Angelois built on the one nearest the entrance of the port, and was the only fortress in the whole island when the knights first took possession of it. The grand-master, L'Isle Adam, added bastions, ram-

parts, and ditches, to this fort: he also made cisterns, and built an arsenal, and different storehouses.

Il Borgo (or the Burgh), to the north of the castle St. Angelo, is now separated from it by a wet ditch. This was the original place of residence of the order of Malta, and where the Turks failed in their efforts against the knights. It indeed resisted all their assaults, and deservedly gained the name of *Citta Vittoriosa*, or the Victorious City. The minister from the court of Rome, who has the title of inquisitor, has a palace in this place: but all the other foreign ministers live in the city *Valetta*; in which, during the reign of the last grand-master, the inquisitor, by consent of the order, was likewise permitted to reside.

On the other point of land to the left, is the Great Port. A fort and burgh have been erected; and though in fact it is only a peninsula, it is called the *Island of La Sangle*, from the name of the grand-master who fortified it. The inhabitants of this burgh, during the siege of Malta, resisted every bribe offered them by the Turks; and, continuing constantly faithful to the order, defended the place with so much valour, that it was surnamed *Citta Invitta* (the Invincible City). The point of land on which the city La Sangle is built, divides the galley port from the French port. Fort St. Michael is on the side next the land, and defends the two ports of La Sangle.

Near the city La Sangle is the suburb *Burmola*, now called *Citta Cospicua* (the Conspicuous City). This is commanded by St. Margaret's Hill, on which is a fort of the same name. The grand-master, Nicholas Cotoner, formed a plan, which he afterwards executed, of a considerable fortification, which, by being joined at each end to the city La Sangle and the Victorious City, should form a large square, into which the inhabitants of the country might retreat in case of being invaded by the enemy. "It is capable of making a long resistance," is the expression employed by the chevalier Folard, in his Commentary on Polybius; where he relates, that, being summoned to Malta, he disapproved of the construction of a fort which was intended to be built and enclosed in what is called *La Cotoner*. This fortification consists of a succession of bastions without any advanced works.

There are two forts on the point of land on each side of Fort St. Elmo: the one called *Ricasoli* is intended, in conjunction with St. Elmo, for the defence of the entrance of the Great Port; the other, lately built on Point Dragut, bears the name of Fort *Tigné*, and is meant to defend the point of Marsa-Musceit, and to prevent a landing from the sea-coast. It was scarcely finished when the French invaded the island, in 1798.

The point of land on which St. Elmo is built, was formerly called *Sceb-e-ras*, signify-

ing, in Arabic, *a place elevated above another.* It was also named *la Guardia.* The city *Valetta* is built on this spot; and, in order to secure it still more effectually on the land side, a suburb, surrounded by fortifications, has been since erected, to which is given the name of *la Floriana.*

The island of Malta contains two principal cities, and twenty-two villages or *casals*—a name derived from the Arabian word *rahal*, signifying *station*; and which indicates the manner in which these villages have been composed by degrees, through the means of the stations, colonies, and meetings of labourers, who successively built cabins or houses in the country, in order to be nearer their different occupations. There are several hamlets between these villages, and a great many country houses.

The *Old* or *Notable* City still preserves the name of *Mdina* among the inhabitants; this signifies city, and it was the only one at that time in the island. It is the seat of the bishopric: and its most remarkable edifices are, the palace of the grand-master, built on the site of a fort taken down in 1455, by command of king Alphonso; and the cathedral, erected on the foundation of a palace, which, according to ancient tradition, was inhabited by Publius, prince or *protos* of the island at the time of St. Paul's shipwreck.

The body of the cathedral has been rebuilt in a modern taste, and is very little ornament-

ed. The greatest part of the pictures are by Matthias Preti.

The service of the cathedral was performed by canons chosen alternately by the bishop and the pope. The habit they wore in the choir was a purple *capemagne*; they officiated with a mitre, and wore a golden cross on the breast. The nomination to the deanery of this chapter was formerly a royal one; but it has since been transmitted to the grand-master, with all the privileges annexed to the crown: Charles V. in the act of donation, alone reserved to himself the right of choosing the bishop, who wore the grand cross of the order, and held the first place in the council, though the constitutional law of the order did not acknowledge him for conventual bailiff.

The Old City had for governor a *hakem* or *podesta*, chosen by the grand-master out of the class of principal citizens. This governor bore the name of *captain of the rod*; because the sign of his jurisdiction was a rod. This civil and criminal jurisdiction extended over the old city, and the six following casals; Dingkle, Siggiri, Zebug, Stadard, Lia, and Mosta. After this tribunal had pronounced sentence, appeals might be made to the supreme court, which was held in the city Valetta.—The captain of the rod, when he accompanied the sovereign through the island, had the privilege of riding on horseback on the left hand of the prince's carriage. The

town-hall of the old city was called Banca Dei Giurati. The municipality consisted of four jurats, and the hakem, who acted as president.

The catacombs in the Old City have always been celebrated; and, indeed, with the greatest justice. They are very extensive; and contain streets in all directions; which are formed with such a degree of regularity, that the title of Subterraneous City has been given to this place. Many of the different passages have been walled up, lest the curious spectator, should lose himself in such a labyrinth. The entrance communicates to a house belonging to M. Pietro Greco, rector of the college (ee Hoüel); from whence the descent is about eight or nine feet by a staircase three feet wide, leading to a kind of gallery, extremely narrow, and containing sepulchres of different sizes; some proportionably formed for infants, placed in different recesses on each side. These corridors are extremely irregular, divided into several passages, which branch out in various directions, and form apartments very much in the same style as the first, only more or less large, but all equally full of tombs. The roof or ceiling of one of these halls appearing to want support, a group of fluted pillars has been erected; but without either strength, taste, or regularity!—These catacombs are about twelve or fourteen feet below the surface of the rock in which they are cut. The stone is soft and porous,

consequently subject to be easily penetrated by water: in order, therefore, to prevent the ill effects of such filtration, small gutters or trenches were made at the bottom of the lateral parts of the galleries; which were covered over in a manner for any person to walk upon them, and served as conduits for the different streams of water which met together, and were afterwards lost in places made purposely to receive them. By such means these caverns were kept perfectly dry, and were not dangerous to those who were forced to take shelter in them: the bodies were likewise easily let down for interment. The stone from which these catacombs were dug is of so soft a nature, that vegetables and shrubs grow in it. The roots of many of the latter, in the upper surface, have pierced through the rock, without splitting it: these appear to grow naturally, even to the height of twelve or fifteen feet; and are two, three, sometimes more) lines in diameter. It is remarkable that the roots of the shrubs thus growing in the heart of the rock should be as large as if exposed to the open air; for it is natural to suppose that so confined a situation should impede their growth.—These catacombs are infinitely superior to those at Naples, which are merely excavations made at different times for procuring stone for building.

Near this city is the Grotto of St. Paul, a cave divided into three separate parts by iron grates. The altar is in the part furthest from

the entrance; in which is also a beautiful statue of St. Paul, in white marble, the work of Caffa. The second resembles the nave of a church; and is a rock where the vegetation is constant, yielding a peculiar sort of earth, famous for the cure of fevers. This earth is continually regenerating, is of an absorbent nature, and reckoned very efficacious as an alterative in all disorders occasioned by acrimonious humours. The entrance serves as a place of worship: in fact, the primitive Christians themselves, who inhabited Malta, made use of it as a church; and, in 1507, a hermit having fixed his abode in this place, drew after him a great concourse of devout votaries.

The city Valetta is situated 13 deg. 40 min. to the east of the meridian of Paris. The first stone was laid in 1566, and this spot particularly chosen on account of its elevated situation between the two great ports of the island. The plan was given by La Valette himself, though it was thought at the time to be drawn by Captain Laparelli. It is said that the original idea of the grand-master was only to enclose the convent, with all its dependences, within the walls; and towards the end of the century there was but too much reason to regret that such a plan had not been carried into execution.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS

FROM THE LATE LORD CHATHAM TO THE LATE LORD CAMELFORD.

THE memory of Lord Chatham is dear to every Briton who feels an honest pride in contemplating the glory of his native land. The familiar letters of so illustrious a personage cannot fail of exciting a great degree of interest. The present collection consists of twenty-three letters, written to the late Lord Camelford during his residence at Cambridge. They are said to be edited by Lord Grenville, and dedicated to the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In these letters, we view Lord Chatham in a very different light from that in which we have been accustomed to contemplate him. Instead of the commanding orator, or the accomplished statesman, we here see him engaged in the duties of domestic life, and exercising the powers of his enlightened understanding in the education of a near relation. The instructions given by him are of the purest nature, and calculated to produce a perfect character; and he directs the attention of his pupil chiefly to the practice of moral and religious duties, which are represented as the ground-work of all human excellence. The letters, indeed, exhibit those virtues and admirable sentiments, which rendered the noble

writer a fit companion for West and Lyttleton; and they discover that similarity of character, in the most essential particulars, which must have rendered the meetings of these illustrious men at Wickham so peculiarly interesting.—"West was very often," says Johnson, "visited by Lyttelton and Pitt, who, when they were weary of faction and debates, used at Wickham to find books and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation. There is at Wickham a walk made by Pitt; and, what is of far more importance, at Wickham, Lyttleton received that conviction which produced his *Dissertation on St. Paul.*"—This volume evidently shews that its author derived his share of improvement from so beneficial an intercourse, and that he was anxious to contribute it for the advantage of others.

The following was written soon after Lord Camelford's arrival at the University:—

"Your letter from Cambridge affords me many very sensible pleasures: first, that you are at last in a proper place for study and improvement, instead of losing any more of that most precious thing time, in London. In the next place, that you seem pleased with the particular society you are placed in, and with the gentleman to whose care and instruction you are committed: and, above all, I applaud the sound right sense, and love of virtue, which appears through your whole letter. You are already possessed of the true clue to guide you through this dangerous and perplexing part of your life's journey, the years of education;

and upon which the complexion of all the rest of your days will infallibly depend: I say you have the true clue to guide you, in the maxim you lay down in your letter to me, namely, that the use of learning is, to render a man more wise and virtuous; not merely to make him more learned. Macte tutà Virtute; Go on, my dear boy, by this golden rule, and you cannot fail to become every thing your generous heart prompts you to wish to be, and that mine most affectionately wishes for you. There is but one danger in your way; and that is, perhaps natural enough to your age, the love of pleasure, or the fear of close application and laborious diligence. With the last there is nothing you may not conquer: and the first is, sure to canquer and enslave whoever does not strenuously and generously resist the first allurements of it, lest by small indulgencies, he fall under the yoke of irresistable habit. *Vitanda est improba Siren, Desidia,* I desire may be affiixt to the curtains of your bed, and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress worth talking of; and another rule is, if you do not set apart your hours of reading, and never suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them; your days will slip through your hands, unprofitably and frivolously; unpraised by all you wished to please, and really unenjoyable to yourself. Be assured, whatever you take from pleasure, amusements, or indolence, for these first few years of your

life, will repay you a hundred fold, in the pleasures, honours, and advantages of all the remainder of your days. My heart is so full of the most earnest desire that you should do well, that I find my letter has run into some length, which you will, I know, be so good to excuse. There remains now nothing to trouble you with but a little plan for the beginning of your studies, which I desire, in a particular manner, may be exactly followed in every tittle. You are to qualify yourself for the part in society, to which your birth and estate call you. You are to be a gentleman of such learning and qualifications as may distinguish you in the service of your country hereafter; not a pedant, who reads only to be called learned, instead of considering learning as an instrument only for action. Give me leave therefore, my dear nephew, who have gone before you, to point out to you the dangers in your road; to guard you against such things as I experience my own defects to arise from: and at the same time, if I have had any little successes in the world, to guide you to what I have drawn many helps from. I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman who is your tutor, but I dare say he is every way equal to such a charge, which I think no small one.

"You will communicate this letter to him, and I hope he will be so good to concur with me, as to the course of study I desire you may begin with; and that such books, and such

only, as I have pointed out, may be read.—They are as follows; Euclid; a Course of Logic; a Course of experimental Philosophy; Locke's conduct of the Understanding; his Treatise, also, on the Understanding; his Treatise on Government, and Letters on Toleration. I desire for the present, no books of poetry, but Horace and Virgil; of Horace the Odes; but above all, the Epistles and Ars Poetica. These parts, Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna. Tully de Officiis, de Amicitia, de Senectute. His Catilinarian Orations and Philippics. Sallust. At leisure hours, an abridgement of the History of England to be run though, in order to settle in the mind a general chronological order and series of principal events, and succession of kings: proper books of English history, on the true principles of our happy constitution, shall be pointed out afterwards. Burnet's History of the Reformation, abridged by himself, to be read with great care. Father Paul on beneficiary matters, in English. A French master, and only Moliere's Plays to be read with him, or by yourself, till you have gone through them all. Spectators, especially Mr. Addison's papers, to be read very frequently at broken times in your room. I make it my request that you will forbear drawing totally, while you are at Cambridge: and not meddle with Greek, otherwise than to know a little of the etymology of words in Latin or English, or French: nor meddle with Italian. I hope this little course will soon be run through: I

intend it as a general foundation for many things, of infinite utility, to come as soon as this is finished.

"Believe me, with the truest affection,

"My dear nephew, ever your's.

"Keep this letter, and read it again."

For the Monthly Visitor.

THE

TEARS OF AFFECTION.

A pathetic Tale, founded on Fact.

IN the west of England there resided a clergyman, whose manners were irreproachable, and whose life was exemplary. He performed the duties of his parish, with the greatest fidelity. The poor found in him a steady friend. His house was the receptacle of the friendless, and his heart felt for the distresses of mankind in general. He in time became acquainted with Amanda, the daughter of a respectable merchant in London, who was on a visit in a neighbouring town. The acquaintance terminated in marriage, which gave birth to Honorio, who was early initiated in the elements of useful learning. His mind was impressed with religious principles, even from a child. His disposition was formed for society, and though young, discovered an attachment to those of a similar disposition. A beloved sister engrossed his affections, and, as age matured his judgment, he discovered in her every thing

that was amiable; but Providence was pleased to remove her from this world, and Honorio was left to condole his loss. The tears of affection flowed freely on account of her death. He would often lament and say, "O my dear Maria, you are taken from me at a time when I wanted your company; our hearts and dispositions were congenial, and though we part on earth, we shall meet again to part no more."—He recollected their childish amusements, and how frequently they retired from their schoolfellows to play with each other.

As Honorio was possessed of a feeling heart, it cannot be conceived that he would be indifferent to modest worth. Eliza was formed to make her friends happy, and Honorio perceived in her every thing that was excellent. The first interview was agreeable, but a few years rendered their acquaintance a paradise on earth. There was not the least secret but what was revealed to each other. Morning walks tended to consolidate their esteem. Religion itself lent them her celestial aid. They frequented the same church, and their piety was the same. Honorio esteemed the character of Eliza, she appeared possessed of every amiable quality. The more he knew her, the more he loved her. A peculiar softness and modesty were in her disposition. No anger ruffled her heavenly mind. Attentive to her parents, she readily obeyed their commands. She perceived the growing affection of Honorio, and had not the least desire to check it, as his intentions were honourable. Eliza saw in him what she

conceived was absolutely needful to make her happy, so that she anticipated their intended union with pleasure. Honorio was all of a sudden taken exceeding ill. Eliza was of course very much alarmed, and the tears of affection bedewed her lovely cheeks. Memorable was the time when she took him by the hand, and, as if anticipating his death, she exclaimed, "If you be taken from me, I shall die in despair, heaven knows the sincerity of my regard, and that my heart, Honorio, is affectionately yours for ever. Death itself cannot divide us, for we are so closely united in affection, that as kindred spirits we shall live together for ever!" Honorio listened with attention to the voice of his Eliza, clasping her to his heaving bosom, and said (tears of affection flowing from his eyes) all that is lovely on earth is centered in my dearest friend, and may the union of our hearts be consummated above. If my God take me from you, Eliza, I will watch over you as a guardian spirit, and will protect you from every danger; but he can yet restore me to health, and cause me to live for your sake.—If not (pressing her hand, he exclaimed) my God, 'thy will be done,' and give resignation to Eliza."

Providence, ever attentive to the prayers of the righteous, restored Honorio to his health; but his restoration was gradual. Who can conceive the happiness of Eliza! She offered to heaven her warmest acknowledgments, in a way of gratitude. Sympathy, which makes us feel for the miseries of others, increased the es-

teem of Honorio. He gratefully returned the kindness of Eliza by every possible attention, and did all in his power to make her happy. Thus their years rolled on, and their intended union would have been consummated, if a lingering illness had not prevented it. Eliza begins to feel the symptoms of a decay, and concludes it to be a consumption. Honorio is alarmed at the intelligence. He feels exquisitely for the object of his affection. He takes her by the hand and says (giving her a proof of affection) "Are you going to leave me?" The manner of address, together with her sensibility overpowered her, and the tears of affection flowed. Physicians are sent for, but a dangerous case baffles their skill, and Eliza is soon pronounced in imminent danger of her life. Honorio scarcely ever leaves her, but discovers the sincerity of her regard. He offers to heaven his warmest prayers for her preservation, but they are not answered. Eliza feels the effects of her disorder; her cheeks grow pale; her strength diminishes; her speech faulters; and, taking Honorio by the hand, with piety in her looks, she takes her flight to the mansions of blessedness.

Honorio felt his loss. The tears of affection flowed in great abundance; and, if religion had not lent her friendly assistance, he would have died in despair; but he expects to meet her again in a better world—to part no more!

T. M.

Hereford, Sept. 7, 1804.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

SOON after Captain (now Admiral) Cornwallis, succeeded to the command of the Canada, on the resignation of Sir George Collier, and was at sea, a mutiny broke out in the ship, on account of some accidental delay in the clerk's paying some of the ship's company; in consequence of which they signed what is termed a *Round Robin*, wherein they declared, to a man, that they would not fire a gun till they were paid. Capt. Cornwallis, on the receipt of this, had the crew piped upon deck, and thus laconically harrangued them: "My lads, the money cannot be paid till we return into port; and as to your *not fighting*, I'll clap you alongside the first large ship of the enemy I see; when the d——l himself can't keep you from it." The Jacks were so tickled with this warlike compliment, that they one and all returned to their duty, better satisfied than if they had been paid the money they demanded ten times over!

THE LATE ADMIRAL CAMPBELL.

THIS gentleman, who had risen in the service merely by his own merit, was captain of the Royal George, under Sir E. Hawke, at the defeat of Conflans' squadron; and being sent home with the intelligence of that memorable victory, Lord Anson, as they were going

in his coach to carry the news to the king, said, "Capt. Cambell, the king will knight you, if you think proper."—"Troth, my lord," said the captain, who retained his Scotch dialect as long as he lived, "I ken nae use that will be to me." "But your lady may like it," replied his lordship. "Weel then," rejoined the captain, wittily, "his majesty may knight her if he pleases."

THE LATE MR. COSTELLO,

THE Irish barrister of facetious memory, the very Erskine of the day, for legal knowledge and able pleading, married, at a late period, a young and beautiful woman, who proved more attached to fashionable resorts than the domestic concerns of the sage of the law, who, notwithstanding some gentle reproofs, found it necessary to proceed to serious expostulation: "Madam, (said the witty counsellor) I think it high time to *divide* the *House* with you." "Oh! with all my heart, Sir, (replied the lady), you could not gratify me more." "Then, Madam, I am resolved to keep possession of the *inside*, the *outside* is yours from this day!" He pronounced these words with so firm an emphasis, as to strike Mrs. C. with the impropriety of her former conduct, and from that day she became an amiable and affectionate wife.

APPOSITE TEXT.

A CLERGYMAN in the reign of James I. and VI. that reign of point and quaint composition,

having been so fortunate as to be mentioned to his majesty, was commanded to preach before him in the chapel royal. The preacher considering himself in duty bound to edify his royal auditor, chose a text which conveyed a lesson of which his majesty was known to stand in need.—" In the first chapter of St. James," said he, " at the 6th verse, it is thus written—" He that wavereth,"&c.—Then directing his looks to the king, he repeated, James i. and 6—" *He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven of the wind and tossed.*"—" I know it," whispered the king, " he is at me already."

THE FATAL LETTER.

We often hear of Dean Swift directing a love-letter to a bishop, and that intended for the bishop to his mistress. The following similar mistake happened in the time of James I. When this monarch's daughter married the palatine, many English soldiers of fortune followed her, among whom was one Duncomb, an officer in the earl of Oxford's company...He left a beautiful mistress behind him in England, to whom he was passionately attached, and had promised to marry. Her fortune being small, his father threatened to disinherit him. To alienate his affections from this lady, he sent him to the Palatinate. He charged him at his departure never to think of her more, if he wished to be remembered by him. The lover had been absent some time, and his heart beat with undiminished affection. He resolved to give way to his affection, and wrote to his mis-

tress, assuring her that no threats or anger of his unfeeling parents should ever banish the tender recollection of their reciprocal passion. Having occasion to write to his father, addressed his father's letter to his mistress, in which he renounces his mistress for ever. The father, with cruel indignation, sent to his son a letter of the most unkind nature. Whether it was this letter, or a sense of shame for the mistake that had happened, that she should see he had renounced her; the lover, alive to the finest sensibilities, ran himself on his sword, and his death was sincerely lamented by all the English in the Palatinate.

LOVE, BEAUTY, AND VANITY.

FRANCES, Duchess of Richmond, granddaughter of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, first married, about 180 years ago, one Prannel, a Vintner's son, in London, who was possessed of a good estate. This match seems to have been the effect of youthful passion. Upon the death of Prannel, who lived but a short time, she was courted by Sir G. Rodney, a west-country gentleman, to whose addresses she seemed to listen; but soon deserted him, and was married to Edward, Earl of Hereford. Upon this marriage, Sir George wrote her a tender copy of verses, *in his own blood*, and presently after ran himself upon his sword. Her third husband was Ludovick, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, who left her a very amiable widow...The aims of great beauties, like those of conquerors, are boundless. Upon the death

of the duke she aspired to the king, but died in her state of widowhood. Her vanity was even greater than her beauty. She affected much state in her household, and was a great *pretender* to generosity. She caused a *sham inventory* of presents of plate to the Queen of Bohemia to be handed about, which she never sent! The fate of Sir George Rodney was much lamented, and gave rise to many poetical effusions on the *cruelty of beauty*, and the *venality* for which it has been uniformly distinguished.

HIBERNIAN HUMILITY.

An Irish gentleman, in the military line, having been lately called out to settle an affair of honour, just as he was preparing to fire, being asked by his second, who was of the same country, whether he could not recollect a short prayer, suited to the occasion, replied very gravely, "Upon my shoul I don't remember any but that our chaplain says before dinner, which I think is very proper to be said now:—*For what we are going to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful*;" upon which he bowed and fired with the most unaffected *non-challance*.

JULES POLIGNAC.

The speech of this heroic man before the French tribunal, made a great impression on the judges as well as upon the audience, and has made him the favourite with the Parisians. With a calm and firm voice he said, "Should my brother Armand be found guilty, and I be declared innocent, I supplicate most earnestly

to be permitted to take his place, and to die for him. He has a wife; I am unmarried, and, in the present situation of my king, my country, and my family, I have no ties that attach me to life; which, besides, I have not enjoyed long enough to regret much its loss. An unfortunate, but loyal exile from my youth, I have tasted little of existence but its wretchedness, which now is become almost insupportable; and I see no other happiness or glory upon this side of the grave, than to be allowed to ascend the same scaffold where the most virtuous of men and of kings, Louis XVI. has bled. My sentiments are besides unalterable, neither to be shaken by terror, nor changed by clemency. No Polignac was ever a traitor to his God or to his king; and I shall certainly not be the first who dishonours my name. Whether I am to die in an hour, or to live for a century, my constant prayer and wish shall be, that Providence may restore to my country its lawful sovereign." During his speech, of which this is only a short sketch, several ladies in the galleries with their tears evinced the interest he inspired. Even the gens-d'armes were moved at his firmness.

The mother of the above two unfortunate men, was the most accomplished and beautiful woman in France. The late queen was heard to say, "I know not how it happens, with all the rest of the world, I feel that I am a queen; but with Madame de Polignac, I am no longer queen; I am only myself."

THE LATE JOHN ELLIS, ESQ.

THIS gentleman, who was perhaps better known by the name of Jack Ellis, had been educated with a view to the polite arts, and had studied under an eminent painter; but not finding this sedentary profession suit his volatile talents, he had left it, and for some time pursued a desultory course of life. Necessity probably forced him to take up his pen; and having, by his political writings, attracted some notice, and, by being what was then termed "a violent party man," he was employed as agent in an election, which was not only strongly contested on the spot, but the proceedings were, on the ground of some irregularity, brought by petition before the whole House of Commons. To the bar of the House Jack Ellis was brought on the part of the petitioning candidate, where he underwent a cross-examination, of which the following is the substance:—"We understand, Mr. Ellis, that a very considerable sum was expended in this election, and that great part of it was directed to the purpose of corrupting the voters. Do you know of any such application of money, or of any bribes being actually accepted on the part of the electors?—

"Indeed Sir, I do: as agent, I know that *our party* bribed all that we could get to accept our money!"

At this acknowledgment a pause of astonishment seemed to pervade the House; a murmur succeeded, which only subsided upon a mem-

ber's saying to the witness, " Your party did not carry the election !"

" No," returned Ellis, with great composure, " we did not."

" Well, but Mr. Ellis," said the first querist, " is it not extraordinary, as you say you bribed all that would take your money, that you did not return your member ?"

" Not in the least," said Ellis.

" No: why how do you account for it ?"

" Easily !" replied Ellis: " the opposite party *out-bribed* us."

At this there was an universal burst of laughter.

" I shall not ask you any more questions, Mr. Ellis," said the interrogator, with great indignation.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

OF

Mr. James Huddleston Wynn.

AMONG the minor stars of his day, none shone with greater lustre than Mr. J. H. Wynn; a man so attached to honourable pursuits, that in the midst of abject poverty, no pecuniary advantage could tempt him to commit a mean action, or conduct himself, while temperate, derogatory to the principles of a gentleman. Eccentricities he possessed in abundance, which often made him subject to the ridicule of the ungenerous.

The man of discrimination knew his merit, beheld him the ruby among pebbles, and when he could not relieve, commiserated from humane motives.

Mr. Wynn was of a very respectable family in Wales. His father, from misfortunes, having reduced his fortune, wisely resolved on a profession for young James, and that of a compositor was determined on for the hero of these memoirs, at which he worked with that celebrated worthy, Benjamin Franklin, afterwards the solon, or lawgiver of America; but from what motive I never could learn; he became disgusted with his profession, and obtained a lieutenancy in a regiment about to set out for India. The irascibility of Mr. Wynn's temper was such, that it for ever kept him in hot water; he had not proceeded far on his voyage before he quarrelled with his brother officer, who refused to mess with him, and actually left him behind when the ship arrived at the Cape; from whence he returned to England, and meeting with a young lady of property, entered into a state of matrimony. It was about this time Mr. Wynn thought of commencing author, and his first application in that way, was to Mr. George Kearsley, bookseller, in Fleet-street, from whose liberality he was enabled to gain a support for his family. He had two other employers, one in Paternoster-row, the other in May-fair. For the first he was doomed periodically to write rebusses and enigmas; for the other, petty fables, children's lessons in verse, or devise new fangled modes of playing the

game of the goose. As these two pillars of literature lived at so great a distance apart, our poor poet, who had suffered a total derangement of the muscles of his right leg, was almost reduced to a skeleton, by his frequent attendance on them; when he had written a dozen lines for a child's play-card, or the half page of a monthly magazine, our poet was obliged to go with his stock of commodity, from Bloomsbury where he occupied an attic, first to Mayfair, and then to Paternoster-row, and the remuneration he met with for the effusions of his brain, was frequently insufficient to procure him the means of existence. No man could be more sensible of his miseries than Mr. Wynn, and he would often complain, in severe terms, of the want of generosity in his employers. The literary productions of Mr. Wynn are numerous, and some written for his amusement full of merit, strongly evincing flights of true genius. His "History of Ireland" the critics of his day belaboured with Herculean clubs, (but critics frequently display much ill-nature, and but little candour). His "Miseries of Authorship" does his feeling much credit; and his poem of "The Prostitute," is full of moral and tender sentiment—the offspring of a good heart. Many others, his pieces, have much to recommend them, and would not disgrace men of much greater celebrity. In his pastorals he has not been so successful; when we read them, they remind us of a saying of the gentle Shenstone, that it is not a piping of the shepherd we hear, but the bleating of his sheep.

Mr. Wynn, (as before observed) was not without his eccentricities, and some of them so inflated with pride, that their possessor appeared truly ridiculous. The noblest minds are ever hardiest in distress, but Mr. W. was insolent in rags, turbulent when in want of a meal, and would insult his best friend for doing him an act of kindness unsolicited; of which the following anecdote is an instance.

Mr. W.'s figure was below the middle stature: his face thin and pale; his head thinly covered with black hair, collected in a tail about the thickness of a tobacco-pipe. His emaciated right leg was sustained by an unpolished iron: he wore his gloves without fingers, and his clothes in tatters. In such trim, he one day, entered Mr. Kearsley's, bookseller, in Fleet-street, who possessed a heart susceptible of every good, and a spirit ever ready to relieve distress. Mr. K.'s shop was the lounge for gentlemen of literary attachment, who stopped to inquire the occurrences of the day, and several persons of fashion were present when Mr. W. entered, and began to talk in a way that shewed a want of good breeding; his shabby appearance, together with his unbridled loquacity, threw Mr. Kearsley into a fever, until he had got rid of him; after which, moved at the indelicacy of Wynn's appearance, Mr. K. from the purest motives, took a suit of his clothes, almost new, and with other appendages bundled them together in a handkerchief, and with a polite note, sent them after Mr. W. to his lodgings. As this was done without the knowledge

of a third person, and in so polite a way, it would not be unreasonable to suppose Mr. W. received the gift with thankfulness, at least with good manners; but the result proved otherwise—— he stormed like a madman, and in rage, returned the bundle, though he was covered with rags like a pauper; writing by the porter, that the pity he experienced was brutality—the officiousness to serve him insolence; and if Mr. K. did the like again, till he was requested, he would chastise him in another way. This would have been a wren pouncing upon an eagle, for Mr. Kearsley was a tall stout man, a Colossus to Wynn.

Notwithstanding the above, Mr. W. was not without his attachment to dress and fashion. A short time previous to his publishing his History of Ireland, Mr. W. expressed a desire to dedicate it to the Duke of Northumberland, who was just returned from being lord lieutenant of that country; for this purpose he waited on Dr. Percy, and met with a very polite reception. The duke was made acquainted with Mr. W.'s wishes, and Dr. Percy went as a messenger of glad tidings to the author. But there was more to be done than a formal introduction; the poor writer intimated this to the good doctor, who in the most delicate terms, begged his acceptance of an almost new suit of black, which, with a very little alteration, might be made to fit. This the doctor urged, would be the best, as there was not time to provide a new suit, and other things necessary for his debut, as the duke had appointed the Monday in the next week to

give the historian an audience. Mr. W. approved of the doctor's plan in all respects, and the same day the clerical black adorned the attick, in a stable-yard, near Montague-house, in the mean time Mr. W. had prepared a set speech, and a manuscript of the dedication. But to digress a little it must be understood Dr. Percy was considerably, in stature, above Mr. Wynn, and his coat sufficiently large to wrap round the latter, and conceal him. The morning came for the author's public entry at Northumberland House; but alas! one grand mistake had been made in the hurry of business, no application had been made to the taylor for the necessary alteration of his clothes: however, great minds are not cast down by ordinary occurrences, Mr. Wynn dressed himself as well as he could devise in Dr. Percy's friendly suit, together with a borrowed sword, and a hat under his arm of great antiquity; then, taking leave of his trembling wife, he set off for the great house in the Strand.—True to the moment he arrived, Dr. Percy attended, and the duke was ready to receive our poet, whose figure at this time presented the appearance of a suit of sables hung on an hedge stake, or one of those bodiless forms we see swinging on a dyer's pole.—On his introduction Mr. Wynn began his formal address; and the noble duke was so moved at the singularity of the poet's appearance, that in spite of his gravity, he burst the bond of good manners; and at length, agitated by an endeavour to restrain risibility, leaped from his chair, forced a purse of thirty guineas into Mr. Wynn's hand,

and hurrying out of the room, told the poet he was welcome to make what use he pleased of his name and patronage.

In the year 1780, Mr. Wynn addressed an ode to her majesty on her birth-day, beginning,

"Heard ye the welcome sound of joy?
Heard ye the smiling notes of praise;
What theme like virtue can employ
The lyre, or wake the poet's lays?"

This little piece was well received, and a more favoured laureat has since not thought it beneath his character to imitate. Mr. Wynn began now to extend his fame, and several periodical booksellers with great eagerness solicited his literary assistance. About this time, a very singular character, obtruded himself upon the town. His figure was that of a corpulent giant: he was vulgar in his manner, impudent and vain, and by many termed the Bear of Poppin's Alley—this man, with the little property he derived from a respectable uncle, turned bookseller, and opened a shop in the Old Bailey. The first publication he sent into the world, was "The Rambler's Magazine." It had a wonderful circulation among apprentice boys, indecent rakes, and profligates. After this civic priapus had skimmed the hot-beds of "Rochester," "The Philosophical Theresa," "Fanny Hill," and others of the same school, he began to look out for literary assistance, and our hero was to be the selected man. One morning early, as the bookseller was passing through Fleet-street, he met Wynn coming out of the shop of

Mr. G. Kearsley.—" My dear Sir, (said he) you are the very person I want: do me the favour to assist in a new popular publication, and you may make your own terms, two sheets a month at least, at two guineas a sheet, and draw the cash when you please." At this Mr. W. began to smile, it was the thing he most wanted; and the proposal occasioned heart-felt satisfaction, but when, how, and where? said the poet in ecstacy. " I'll give you the meeting, this evening, (replied the bookseller) at five, precisely, at the *Last Shift*, in Poppin's-alley, where we will together plan and digest the preliminaries." The time came, and Mr. Wynn was shewn into a parlour, where an afternoon party had been smoaking and drinking. In one of the chairs stood a large pewter vessel, which had not been deprived of its contents, since the departure of the club; and I must digress in this part of the anecdote, to inform the reader, that the bookseller had a singular attachment to a hasty pudding, and the mistress of the *Last Shift* had a standing order to prepare one for him every evening, at five o'clock. The great man entered the room, and placed himself in the president's chair; the parties congratulated each other, and went to business. " Two sheets a month, and draw the cash at pleasure," said the little Welshman. " Exactly so," returned the publisher.—Here a long dialogue ensued, in which Mr. Wynn became so much enraged at what he conceived the illiberal terms of the bookseller, that he snatched up the hasty pud-

ding, threw it in the bookseller's face, and walked away.

The Rev. Dr. Madden had just written and published a very singular book in vindication of polygamy, called *Thelyphthora*. It was composed purposely to extenuate the conduct of a rich merchant in the Borough, a friend of Dr. Madden's, who had married two wives, and (what must appear very extraordinary) lived in tolerable harmony with both, under the same roof.—This book, Mr. Wynn borrowed, and returned it again with the following epigram, written on one of the leaves in red ink:

"If John marries Mary, and Mary alone,
'Tis a very good match between Mary and John!
But if John weds a score—O what claws and what scratches!
It cann't be a match, but a bundle of matches!"

A hundred more instances might be produced of Mr. Wynn's ready wit and humour; but as they still live in the memory of his friends, we shall conclude with observing, that his only faults were, negligence, with respect to exterior appearance, and obstinacy, in refusing to accept obligations, tendered from the purest motives, by many who were desirous of serving him in distress. His whole garb, at times, was not worth a crown, notwithstanding which, he was met with respect. His morals were noble, and those who had the advantage of his friendship received him with a smile, and were happy to say with Shakspeare—

" ——Even in these honest, mean habiliments
Our purses shall be proud—
For, 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And, as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit;
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or, is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?"

At length nature began to decay; his limbs and intellects forsook him; but the affection of his children threw a veil over his infirmities. Upon the great stage of life, he acted well his part: and here we drop the curtain.

THE

GREENWICH PENSIONER.

Extracted from Mr. Eyre's most useful and interesting Observations, made on a Journey in and from Paris during the late Peace.

AS we ascended the hill of Chatham, a view of the river Medway, and the arsenal, which is now the most considerable repository in the world, gradually opened to our sight. I gazed with pleasure on the floating bulwarks of England, and as I beheld their masts towering above the roofs of houses, imagination painted them as so many triumphal pillars erected to our naval victories. When I had reached the summit, I observed a man habited as a Greenwich pensioner, with one hand leaning on a staff, and the other wiping a tear from off his

cheeks, stedfastly looking on the scene I had been just contemplating. I went up to him and accosted him in the familiar tone of friendship; but he was so absorbed in his reflections, that my enquiries were unanswered. Unwilling to interrupt his meditations, I stood at some little distance to examine his gestures, but had not been long stationary, when I heard him breathe the sigh of grief, and saw him wipe away another falling tear.—Thinking he might labour under some pressing calamity, I again approached him, and in the accents of tender solicitation enquired into the cause of his silent, but expressive sorrow? On a closer view of his features, I discovered that the frost of age hung, like icicles on the mountain, whilst the roses of youth had withered in the valley. His countenance bore the marks of undaunted bravery, for a large scar was carved upon his face, where a tear had lodged, and shone like a diamond in the mine. Advancing towards me in a halting manner, (for he was deprived of a leg), he told me that he had been a seaman in his majesty's navy; that he had lost his limb, and received the wound in his cheek for the glory of Old England—that his timbers being shattered, they had endeavoured to repair his battered hulk by putting in an oaken plank, (giving his wooden leg a rap with his stick), but that he was found so much damaged by tempests, he had received, that they had laid him up in the royal dock at Greenwich. It was in that town, (pointing with his finger towards Chatham), where I first entered on board a ship; it was there also, that I

was spliced to the girl of my heart; it was there—here sobs prevented his articulation—he paused—took me by the hand, and sighed; after a short interval he recovered fortitude sufficient to continue his simple narrative. "I had been absent on the West India station about four years, when I returned to this port. My wife, hearing of the arrival of the frigate, attended by her two infants, hired a boat to come on board, to welcome home, after a tedious absence, her faithful mate. It was, I well remember, the 24th of December, for the bells were ringing all that eve and night. It was dark and foggy—the boat upset—when she, and both my children perished. It was a sad Christmas for me, your honour, to learn the dismal tidings of their fate; my heart had nearly broke; I thought I should have sunk; but some how, the captain, who commands us all, took me in tow. Once every year I hobble from Greenwich to this spot, and recal those times that will never return; and often as I cast my eyes upon the watery grave, where all my earthly happiness lies buried, I fervently pray to the Almighty to send me my sailing orders to the other world; where, as the chaplain of our ship has often assured us, we shall all meet again, at the general rendezvous above. As I linger here sometimes, the boatswain's whistle"——At this moment the stage drew up, and I was obliged to take an abrupt farewel of this wounded veteran—I turned my head to have a last look upon him, and saw that he had resumed the same melancholy posture as when I first encountered him."

OBSERVATIONS ON THE FRENCH.

(Extracted from "The Stranger in France; or a Tour from Devonshire to Paris.")

I VERY often passed by the ci-devant hall of the National Convention; in which the hapless king and queen were doomed to the scaffold; where murder was legitimated, religion denounced, and the grave declared to be the bed of *eternal repose*.

In vindication of the ways of Eternal Justice, even upon earth, this polluted pile is now participating the fate of its devoted members.

Those walls which once resounded with the florid declamation of republican visionaries, the most worthless, imposing and desperate of mankind, are prevented, for a short time, by a few crazy props, from covering the earth below with their crazy ruins. The famed temple of the Goddess of Liberty, is not tenantable enough to cover the Babel deity from the peltings of the midnight storm. Where is now the enthusiastic Gironde, where the volcanic mountain, the fiery and eloquent Mirabeau, the wily Brissot, the atheistic Lequinois, the remorseless Marat, the bloody St. Juste, and the chief of the deplumed and fallen legions of equality? All is desolate and silent. The gaping planks of the guillotine are imbrued with their last traces. The haunt of the banditti is uncovered. The revolution has preyed upon her own children, and metaphysical murderers have perished by the daggers of speculative republicans.

About two years since this place was converted into a menagerie. The cave and the

wilderness, the desert and the jungle, presented to the eye of the beholder, representative successors of those savages who, with more power and more ferocity, were once inclosed within the same den."

POLICE.

I had frequent opportunities of noticing the promptitude and activity of the French police under Fouche. An emigrant of respectability assured me, that when he, and a friend of his waited upon Fouche for their passports to enable them to quit Paris for the south of France, he surprised them by relating to them the names of the towns, the streets, and of the people with whom they had lodged, at various times during their emigration in England.

PETIT TRIANON.

I approached, with increased delight, the enchanting little palace and grounds of the late queen distant from Versailles about two miles, called the Petit Trianon, to which she very justly gave the appellation of her "little palace of taste." Here, fatigued with the splendour of royalty, she threw aside all its appearances, and gave herself up to the elegant pleasures of rural life. It is a princely establishment in miniature. It consists of a small palace, a chapel, an opera-house, out-offices, and stables, a little park and pleasure-grounds: the latter of which are still charming, although the fascinating eye and tastful hand of their lovely, but too volatile mistress, no longer pervade, cherish and

direct their growth and beauty. By that reverse of fortune, which the revolution has familiarised, the Petit Trianon is let out by the government to a restaurateur. All the rooms but one were pre-occupied, the day of our visit, in consequence of which we were obliged to dine in the former little bed-room of the queen, where, like the Idalian goddess, she used to sleep in a suspended basket of roses. The apertures in the ceiling and wainscot, to which the elegant furniture of this little room of repose had once adhered, are still visible.

After dinner, we hastened through our coffee, and proceeded to the gardens. After winding through gravelled walks, embowered by the most exquisite and costly shrubs, we entered the elegant temple of Cupid, from which the little favourite of mankind had been unwillingly and rudely expelled, as appeared by the fragments of his pedestal.

Thy wrongs, little god! shall be revenged by thy fair friend Pity. Those who treated thee thus, shall suffer in their turn, and she shall not console them!

We passed through the most romantic avenues, to a range of rural buildings, called the Queen's Farm, the dairy, the mill, and the woodmen's cottages: which, during the residence of the queen at the Petit Trianon, were occupied by the most accomplished young noblemen of the court. In front of them, a lake, terminated on one side by a rustic bower, spreads itself. These buildings are much neglected, and are falling into rapid ruin.

In other times, when neatness and order reigned throughout this Elysian scenery, and gracefully spread its luxuriant beauties at the feet of its former captivating owner, upon the mirror of that lake now filled with reeds and sedges, in elegant little pleasure-boats, the illustrious party was accustomed to enjoy the freshness of the evening, to fill the surrounding groves with the melody of the song, which was faintly answered by the tender flute, whose musician was concealed in that rustic tower, whose graceful base the honeysuccle and eglantine no longer encircle, and whose winding access, once decorated with flowers of the richest beauty and perfume, is now overgrown with moss, decayed, and falling piece-meal to the ground.

Near the farm, in corresponding pleasure-grounds, the miller's house particularly impressed us with delight. All its characteristics were elegantly observed. A rivulet still runs on one side of it, which formerly used to turn a little wheel to complete the illusion. The apartments, which must have been once enchanting, now present nothing but gaping beams, broken ceilings, and shattered casements. The wainscots of its little cabinets, exhibit only a tablet, upon which are rudely penciled, the motley initials, love-verses and memorandums, of its various visitors.

The shade of the ivy, which, upon all occasions, seems destined to perform the last offices to the departing monuments of human ingenuity, has here exercised its gloomy function.—

Whilst we were roving about we were obliged to take refuge from a thunder-storm in what appeared to us a mere barn: upon our entering it, we found it to be an elegant little ball-room, much disfigured, and greened over by damp and neglect. In other parts of this *petit paradis*, are caves of artificial rock, which have been formed at an immense expense, in which were formerly beds of moss, and through which clear streams of water glided. Belvidere temples, and scattered cottages, each differing from its neighbour in character, but all according in taste and beauty. The opera-house, which stands alone, is a miniature of the splendid one in the palace of Versailles. The sylvan ball-room is an oblong square, lined with beautiful treillages, surmounted with vases of flowers. The top is open. When the queen gave her balls here, the ground was covered by a temporary flooring, and the whole was brilliantly lighted. As we passed by the palace, we saw in the queen's little library several persons walking.

Could the enchanting beauty of Austria, and the once incensed idol of the gay and the gallant, arise from her untimely tomb, and behold her most sacred recesses of delight, thus rudely exposed, and converted into scenes of low and holiday festivity; the temples which she designed, defaced, their statues overthrown, her walks overgrown and entangled, the clear mirror of the winding lake, upon the placid surface of which once shone the reflected form of the Belvidere, and the retreats of elegant taste, co-

vered with the reedy greenness of the standing pool, and all the fairy fabric of her graceful fancy thus dissolving in decay: the devoted hapless Maria would add another sigh to the many which her aching heart has already heaved!

TOULON.

One evening as I was passing through the Bouvelard Italien, in company with a gentleman from Toulon, we met a tall, dark, hollow-eyed, ferocious looking man, of whom he related the following story:

Immediately after the evacuation of Toulon by the English, all the principal Toulonese citizens were ordered to repair to the market-place, where they were surrounded by a great military force.

This man who, for his offences, had been committed to prison, was, on this occasion, liberated by the French agents, in consequence of his undertaking to select those of the inhabitants who had in any manner favoured the capitulation of the town, or who had shewn any hospitality to the English, while they remained in possession of it. The miscreant passed before the citizens, who were drawn out in lines, to the number of three thousand; amongst whom he pointed out about one thousand four hundred persons to the fury of the government. Without any other evidence, or further examination, they were all immediately adjudged to be shot, and for this purpose a suitable number of soldiers were drawn out. The unhappy victims were

marched up to their destruction, upon the quay, in sets of three hundred and butchered.

The carnage was dreadful. In the last of these unfortunate groups, were two gentlemen of great respectability, who received no wound from the fire, but, to preserve themselves, dropped with the rest, and exhibited all the appearances of having participated in the general fate.

This execution took place in the evening.—Immediately after its close, the soldiers, fatigued, and sick with cold-blooded slaughter, marched back to their quarters, without examining whether every person upon whom they had fired had fallen a victim to the murderous bullet.—Soon after the soldiers had retired, the women of Toulon, allured by plunder, proceeded to the fatal spot. Mounted upon the bodies of the fallen, they stripped the dead and dying. The night was stormy, and the moon, emerging from dark clouds, occasionally shed its pale lustre upon this horrible scene. When the plunderers had abandoned their prey, during an interval of deep darkness, when all was silent, unconscious of each other's intention, the two citizens who had escaped the general carnage, disencumbered themselves from the dead, under whom they were buried; chilled and naked, in an agony of mind, not to be described, they, at the same moment, attempted to escape. In their agitation, they rushed against each other. Expressions of terror and surprise dropped from each of them. "Oh! God! it is my father!" said one—"my son, my son, my son!" exclaim-

ed the other, clasping him in his arms. They were father and son, who had thus miraculously escaped, and met in this extraordinary manner.

The person from whom I received this account, informed me, that he knew these gentlemen well, and that they had been re-settled in Toulon about two years.

The wretch who had thus directed the ruthless vengeance of a revolutionary banditti against the breasts of his fellow-citizens, was at this time soliciting from the present government those remunerations, which had been promised but never realized by his barbarous employers.

POVERTY OF LEARNED MEN.

FORTUNE has rarely condescended to be the companion of merit. Even in these enlightened times, men of letters have lived in obscurity, while their reputation was widely spread; and have perished in poverty, while their works were enriching the booksellers.

Homer, poor and blind, resorted to the public places to recite his verses for a morsel of bread.—The facetious poet, Plautus, gained a livelihood by assisting a miller.---Xylander sold his Notes on Dion Cassius for a dinner. Alde Manutius was so wretchedly poor, that the expense of removing his library from Venice to Rome made him insolvent. To mention those

who left nothing behind them to satisfy the undertaker, were an endless task. Agrippa died in a workhouse. Cervantes is supposed to have died with hunger. Camoens was deprived of the necessaries of life, and is believed to have perished in the streets. The great Tasso was reduced to such a dilemma, that he was obliged to borrow a crown from a friend to subsist through the week: he alludes to his distresses in a pretty sonnet, which he addresses to his cat, entreating her to assist him during the night with the lustre of her eyes. "Non avendo candele per iscrivere i suoi versi!" having no candle by which he could see to write his verses. The illustrious Cardinal Bentivoglio, the ornament of Italy and of literature, languished in his old age, in the most distressful poverty; and, having sold his palace to satisfy his creditors, left nothing behind him but his reputation. Le Sage resided in a little cottage on the borders of Paris; and supplied the world with the most agreeable romances, while he never knew what it was to possess any moderate degree of comfort in pecuniary matters. De Ryer, a celebrated French poet, was constrained to labour with rapidity, and to live in the cottage of an obscure village. His bookseller bought his Heroic Verses for 100 sols the hundred lines, and the smaller ones for 50 sols. Dryden, for less than 300l. sold Tonson ten thousand verses, as may be seen by the agreement which has been published. Purchas, who, in the reign of our first James, had spent his life in travels and study, to form his

"Relation of the World," when he gave it to the public, for the reward of his labours was thrown into prison at the suit of his printer; yet this was the book which, he informs us in his Dedication to Charles I. his father read every night with great profit and satisfaction. Savage, in the pressing hour of distress, sold that eccentric poem, "The Wanderer," which had occupied him for several years, for 10l. Even our great Milton, as every one knows, sold his immortal work for 10l. to a bookseller, being too poor to undertake the printing it on his own account; and Otway, a dramatic poet of the first class, is known to have perished with hunger. Samuel Boyce, whose Poem on Deity ranks high in the scale of poetic excellence, was absolutely famished to death; and was found dead in a garret, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders, and fastened by a skewer, with a pen in his hand! Chatterton, while he supplied a number of monthly magazines with their chief materials, found "a penny tart a luxury!" and a luxury it was to him, who could not always get bread to his water.

In a book, entitled "De Infortunio Literatorum, may be found many other examples of the miseries of literary men.

M. CHARLES EMANUEL TALLEYRAND DE PEREGORD.

TALLEYRAND descends from the ancient sovereigns of the province of Peregord, in the South of France. His father, a younger

brother, with a small fortune, destined his son, early in life, for the church; before twenty, he possessed several rich abbeys, and before thirty was made Bishop of Autun, much against the inclination of the virtuous Louis XVI. who had heard that the Abbé de Peregord was one of the most immoral, but insinuating *Roues* and libertines in France.

When at College, Talleyrand shewed an early genius for intrigue, and a strong propensity to vice; but, for the defect of being lame, he would, after the wish of his governors, have disgraced the army, instead of scandalizing the church; because he always was as great a coward in his private quarrels, as daring when supported in his public plots; all his transactions, since a minister, show an ungenerous coward when backed by power.

The Revolution found him a gamester, a debauchee, and a bankrupt, without honour, principles, or probity. He openly intrigued with a married lady; and her son, by this catholic bishop, was lately an aid-de-camp to Louis Buonaparte.

In 1789, when a member of the National Assembly, the gown of the Bishop did not long conceal the modern philosopher and the fashionable atheist; he was one of the first traitors to his king, and the first apostate to his religion; he soon alike attacked the Majesty of Heaven, and the majesty of the throne.

The 2d of November, 1789, upon the motion of Talleyrand, the confiscation of the church property in France was decreed; and

such is the incomprehensible will of Providence, that after years of war, murders, and crimes, this same man has been lately the disposer of all the church property both in Germany and in Italy. The motion to dispose of the property of others, by a person who had no property but debts, may be considered as the cruel foundation, in France, of all the consequent confiscations and plunders, as well as the proscriptions of owners of estates, lands, or of money. It has caused the ruin and wretchedness of millions, but it has enriched Talleyrand and his accomplices.

In May, 1760, he was one of the members of the Diplomatic Committee, headed by Mirabeau, after whose report it was decreed by the National Assembly, and sanctioned by the king, that France renounced for ever all conquests. Since he has become a revolutionary minister, he has never concluded a treaty, or entered into any negociations, without aggrandizing the territory, and augmenting the power of France.

In the same year, when a member of the Ecclesiastical Committee, he planned the intolerant and impolitic decree, which made a distinction between a constitutional and a nonjuring clergy, which has caused so many torments, dissentions, and civil wars, and which still continues to divide the Gallican church.

Talleyrand was always the worthy friend of Mirabeau, who, in April, 1791, resigned his guilty soul in the arms of this his guilty accomplice.

In June, 1791, he was in the secrets of La Fayette to betray his king into that improvident state (the journey to Varennes) which produced so many insults, humiliations, suspicions, and accusations; and which was the principal cause of all the subsequent sufferings of the king and his family.

In the autumn of 1791, Talleyrand accompanied the French minister, Chauvelin, to England. After the late constitution, he could not, for some years, occupy any public employment; but Chauvelin was only the nominal, and Talleyrand the real, minister, and the inventor, author, promoter, and instigator of all the plots, intrigues, and conspiracies, in and against England, in 1792.

In 1793, Robespierre's faction caused a decree of outlawry to pass against Talleyrand: proscribed every where else, he enjoyed hospitality and protection in England; but, in return, meditated new plots, and invented new projects to embroil or ruin this country, which was the cause of the order he received from government to leave it.

In 1794, he went to America, because no state in Europe would receive him. In 1794, the National Convention annulled its decree of outlaw, and in 1796, he arrived at Hamburgh, where he resided some time before he returned to France: gratitude was never amongst the virtues of this man. Hamburgh, for its hospitality, has since, by his orders, been several times laid under contributions, and he detests

alike America and England; and their ruin is his incessant and daily contrivance and study.

By his intrigues with his old accomplices, the Directors, Barras, Rewbel, and La Reveillere, he was, in 1797, promoted to the ministry of the Foreign Department in France. His negociations this year, and in 1798, at Rastadt, prove his abilities to intrigue, to embroil, to divide, and to profit by his nefarious deeds.

To tranquillize the jealousy of the Directory, and at the same time to employ and gratify the ambition of Buonaparte, he brought forward, in the autumn of 1797, the old scheme of former French Ministers, The Conquest of Egypt; and his emissaries prepared the treason that delivered up Malta to Buonaparte, in 1798.

After the victory of Lord Nelson, at Aboukir, Talleyrand became unpopular; and, the issue, in 1799, of the Congress at Rastadt, and the unsuccessful campaign which followed, augmented the hatred of the jacobin faction against him, and he was obliged to resign: such was, however, as yet, his influence with the Directory, that he chose for his successor, Rheinhard, a person whom he governed as much in 1799, as he had done Chauvelin in 1792, to whom this Rheinhard was then secretary.

Talleyrand and Sieyes were those who persuaded Bonaparte to desert his army in Egypt, and who prepared the revolution which seated him upon the throne of the Bourbons. No sooner was the Corsican proclaimed the First Consul, than he reinstated Talleyrand in his former place as Minister.

In the beginning of 1800, by promises, bribes, and negociations, Talleyrand pacified the royalists of La Vendée, and afterwards, by treachery, delivered them up to arrest, transportation, and death.

The treaties of Luneville, of Amiens, and of Ratisbon, Talleyrand calls his political chef-d'œuvres, or master-pieces; time will soon discover if these two treaties will not follow the fate of the third, already made impracticable by French encroachments, intrigues, pretensions, and insolence.

When a bishop, Talleyrand was a jobber: since he possesses the key to all the political transactions which so much influence the finances of all countries, his speculation in different funds have procured him a fortune greater than he dares to acknowledge, or Bonaparte suspects. This fortune has been considerably augmented by his many negociations, in particular those about the throne in Tuscany, the idemnities in Germany, and Louisiana in America.

Because the former kings of France, Louis XIII. Louis XIV. and Louis XV. made their ministers, Richelieu, Mazarine, and Fleury, cardinals; Bonaparte proposed to Talleyrand last year, to procure him the same dignity. Talleyrand had, however, given his promise to marry his former mistress, the divorced wife of a Mr. Grand; when, therefore, this proposal was made, he cunningly answered, that those cardinals were prime ministers, that the great Henry IV. had no cardinal for a minister, but

a friend in his minister Sully. The same day he obtained the consular permission to marry Madame Grand.

From debauchery, intemperance, and gluttony, Talleyrand's constitution is entirely broken, and his health destroyed; and the invalid suffers daily for the excesses and the vices of which he has been guilty.

Talleyrand's inveteracy against England is proverbial; but it does not originate from the love of his own country, but from envy to the prosperity of England. He would willingly sign the ruin of France, was he certain that of England should follow.

Talleyrand has talents; but the revolution, fortune, and circumstances, have procured him opportunities to exhibit them to the greatest advantage; under a regular government he would have been but an indifferent minister; under a revolutionary tyranny he is a great statesman and a political oracle; and those very vices which would have injured him under the one, are the principal cause of his great success under the other. But an impartial posterity, without our passions and our interest, will place him in his true rank, in that of a traitor, a rebel, and an apostate.

LONDON FASHIONS,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1804.

TWO Promenade Dresses. — 1. Round dress of white muslin, made high round the bosom, with a lace trill; long sleeves. A pink and white shawl of clear muslin. A gipsey hat of straw or chip, tied under the chin with pink ribbands; a rose in front.—2. Dress of white muslin, with lace tucker. Scarf shawl of clear muslin, lined with purple. Small straw hat, turned up all round, and tied under the chin with purple ribbands; flower in front.

Nine Head Dresses.—1. A bonnet of black silk, trimmed with purple; short black lace veil.—2. A cap of white muslin, ornamented with pink bows.—3. A morning cap of white lace, with a purple Barcelona handkerchief pinned over the back part, and tied under the chin.—4. A white beaver hat, turned up in front, and ornamented with a flower. 5. A dress hat of white silk, trimmed with purple; a purple and white ostrich feather in front.—6. A conversation hat of straw, lined and tied under the chin with purple.—7. A small straw hat trimmed with purple; feather of the same colour in front.—8. An obi hat, tied under the chin with pink ribband.—9. A small bonnet of white satin, turned up on one side and ornamented with a white flower.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches---none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

HAYMARKET, SEPT. 7.

A YOUNG lady attempted the character of Cecilia in the Chapter of Accidents without any success.

Mr. Elliston took his benefit at the Opera House, Sept. 10, which occasioned an unusual scene of confusion from the crowd which pressed to get in at the firit opening of the doors. The receivers were unable to collect the money, the doors were broken down by the torrent, and the house was actually carried by storm. A great part of the audience entered gratis, and in consequence of this circumstance, Mr. Elliston came forward to suggest his situation to the liberality of the public, and a collection was accordingly made in the house; but he estimates his loss at 300l. This, we trust, will teach Mr. Elliston to be satisfied, another summer-season, with the profits of the little theatre, as well as the other performers belonging to Mr. Colman's company: indeed we think the manager highly

blameable in suffering this temporary transfer of his patent.

This theatre closed its season with the Mountaineers and Gay Deceivers, Sept. 15, when the usual thanks were returned.

DRURY-LANE.

THIS theatre opened Sept. 15, with the Soldier's Daughter, and the Irishman in London. Mrs. Jordan was well received on account of making her appearance so early. Owing to Mr. Johnstone's sudden indisposition, Mr. Cherry became his substitute in the Farce. Mr. Matthews made his first appearance at this theatre in Don Manuel, in She Would and She Would Not, and Mr. Elliston in Rolla.

COVENT-GARDEN.

THIS theatre opened Monday, Sept. 17, with John Bull. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are engaged at this theatre, and made their first appearance in the Farce of The Quaker.

SADLER'S WELLS.

THIS summer-theatre still continues to be frequented, and the benefits have been remarkably productive. A musical spectacle called *Odd Fish*, or *Mrs. Scate in the Seraglio*, written by M. C. Dibdin, has been attended with considerable success: it is indeed truly whimsical.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1804.

AN ADDRESS

ON THE PRESENT POLITICAL STATE OF *EUROPE.*

WHILE now fell Discord's brand aloft is hurl'd,
And ruthless Frenzy desolates the World;
While Terror, plum'd on Usurpation's throne,
Makes kings, degenerate, crouch upon their own;
While Murder, Treachery, with Pow'r unite,
Aid Rapine's course, and trample upon Right,—
Order o'erwhelm, and hurry back amain
The nations round to barbarism again;—
Britain, by Justice' sacred call insp r'd,
And native hate of foul Oppression fir'd;
Her sons, leagu'd, martial'd, in one righteous cause,
Their King, their Altars, Liberties, and Laws;
Stands singly forward, with undaunted mind,
The Friend, the Champion of enslav'd mankind:
And while amid the hostile loud alarms,
Serenely brave, she grasps her patriot arms,

Sees round her shores the threat'ning swarms advance,
And waits, on English ground, to quell fierce France;
On English ground renew her ancient fame,
Cressy's proud field, and Poictier's deathless name;
Commerce, aloof, her ample sails outspread,
By Freedom wafted, and by Valour lead,
Wide as the Solar range, or Ocean's bound,
Deals Science, Truth, and Happiness around.
O Britain! may thy hallow'd toils succeed,
Europe by thee from Tyranny be freed,
Belgium once more revere her rightful Lord,
Helvetia feel her halcyon days restor'd,
Latium, unnerv'd by indolence and crimes,
Arouse, and emulate her elder times;
All firm advance, and to the world make known,
That Britain's gen'rous cause is but their own.

ELIZA.

WRITTEN AT AN INN.

HERE too, thy name, sweet maid, shall stand,
And fairest in the list be found,
Where many an artless traveller's hand,
His fair one's praises scrawls around.

Afresh at every stage he grieves,
That bears him farther from her arms,
And fondly still behind him leaves,
Some frail memorial of her charms.

So pines and bleeds the stricken hart,
And as he flies betrays his wound,
Drags to the shades the rankling dart,
And marks with crimson drops the ground.

Stranger, to this dear name be kind,
While far her lover roves forlorn,
Pity the anguish of his mind,
From the soft smiles of Beauty torn.

So to thy destin'd journey's end,
Be HOPE companion of thy way,
And there thy mistress or thy friend,
With truth unchang'd thy toil repay.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

(Address'd to Mrs. Blakeway, of Shrewsbury.)

TO you, dear friend, I make my sorrows known,
Whose mind is fondly partial as my own,
And both alike inferior beings view
Giv'n for our use, our pleasure, comfort too,
Oft round thy board did I thy creatures see
Gay with the smiles of sweet humanity;
There with uplifted feet the kitten sues
Who the soft crum the suppliant could refuse?
The timid doves were seen to take their stand,
And find their food upon thy fostering hand;
The thrush with prickly holly vainly tries
To shield her nestlings from the youngsters' eyes,
Thy bribe alone redeem'd their feather'd prey,
Till fully fledg'd they wing'd their ambient way.
To you be freely my regret express'd,
And thus th' upbraiders of my grief address'd,
Blame not the pitying tears that fill my eyes
For a lov'd fav'rite that now lifeless lies;
Are not the race domestic call'd, and bred

Beneath our roofs, and from our tables fed?
There, though with hunger prest, they patient stand,
A scrap or bone wait from the fav'ring hand;
That worthless boon their gratitude secures
Their faith and love long as their life endures;
From each short absence they with transport meet,
With joy resembling rational they greet:
In dreary night we deem each entrance barr'd
Still insecure without our nightly guard,
From chearful fires, and from his master's feet,
Content to cold and darkness to retreat;
There oft patroles his bounds, then list'ning lies
And hears the softest step and distant noise,
Alarm'd with bark terrific rends the air,
And warns th' intruders of the night from far.
How many instances occurr'd of late
Of numbers sav'd from an untimely fate
When distant, far from home, and ev'ry friend,
But those ne'er false that did their steps attend.
To save from death, the strong Newfoundland race
Plunge in the stream if you but point the place,
The gasping victims from the bottom bear,
To life recall'd, and friends from dread despair.
Who view'd the scene with agonized hearts
In vain themselves, nor succour could impart;
When late in all its rigours Winter reign'd
And shed its horrors o'er the frozen plains,
An anxious farmer ventur'd far to view
His fleecy flock, and sum their number too;
Their piteous looks such deep concern excite,
He lingers thoughtless of descending Night;
Till Sol declin'd no mitigating ray
Temper'd the fierceness of the northern sway,
And piercing winds and driving storms of hail
Did now the hapless traveller assail,
The frozen balls still dashing in his face
An icy chilness soon arrests his pace,

Each effort he exerts to move in vain,
And falls extended on the frozen plain;
No succour near, he Hope resigns, to die,
But now his fond and faithful dog drew nigh,
Crept closely on his prostrate master's breast
The last best way his love could be exprest,
The kindly warmth assists th' unequal strife,
And fluid kept the vital springs of life—
'Till servants sent to seek their master come
And bear him seeming lifeless to his home,
Where skilful care again recall'd his breath
He lives, reviving from a frozen death:
Their faith and worth the bards of distant age
Have left on histories' remotest page;
The fam'd historian on a theme so dire
As Athens sack'd and all her fanes on fire;
Who heard with terror, but without surprise
The screaming dames and fainter infants' cries;
The dread narration he suspends—he hears
New cries of horror reach his wond'ring ears;
Beings irrational seem'd each to know
His master's dreadful state, and share his woe;
With piercing cries and howlings rend the air,
And throng'd th' Athenian coast in wild despair:
While one more vent'rous plung'd into the tide,
And swam attendant on the vessel's side
That bore his lord, until an isle they gain;
Too weak such long exertions to sustain,
To greet his master there he faintly tried—
Just reach'd his feet, then fell, look'd up, and died.
Th' Athenians struck at love and faith so great,
Amidst their own unsheltered wretched state,
They raise a tomb, and to prolong his fame
They from his monument the island name.
From precedents in these and ancient days,
I turn triumphant to a fav'rite's praise,
His pleasing humbler virtues to commend,
Of size too small to save or to defend;

But faith and love, and all he could was shewn
To his fond mistress; nor to one alone,
But farther did his social love extend
In daily visits to each fondling friend;
His form a beauty of the kind confest,
No common garb but silky fringes dress'd,
His little sportive tricks did oft beguile
The gloom of care, and make Dejection smile.
While censure then the pitying tear represt,
The muse indignant for my fav'rite wrests
From drear oblivion little Toby's name;
With his combines the praise, the species claim.
No tale is feign'd, and scarce a thought my own,
But dress'd in verse from simple truth alone.

S. EDWARDS.

Wothington, Shropshire.

AN ADDRESS TO THE CORPS OF THE SHROPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

(By an Officer.)

YE chiefs and lords of all the fair domain,
Where Severn's streams enrich Salopia's plain,
Say, could we bear to see our seats, our lands
Possess'd by Bonaparte's ruffian bands;
Their swords dispatching each domestic guard,
Nor infancy, nor sex, nor age be spar'd;
But in one universal carnage fall;
And Gaul's licentious miscreants lords of all?
No! let us scorn to live for to lament
These dreadful evils, if we can't prevent:
Rous'd at our call behold the youthful train
Forsake the labours of the peaceful plain,
Throw off their rural habits, and assume
The glowing scarlet and the verdant plume:

'Midst wint'ry storms its rigors used to bear,
They throng the field to learn the art of war;
Vers'd in that science now undaunted stand,
And wait their country and their king's command:
With them each danger and each toil we share,
Nor is their welfare thought beneath our care.
Already has the Gallic despot plann'd
To force them conscripts from their native land;
Their task for him Domingo to regain,*
Where his own armies spent their force in vain;
There pois'nous gales obstruct the lab'ring breath,
As fatal as the keenest shafts of death;
And war with tenfold horrors must appear,
The black brigands in front and in the rear:
Ten thousand swords to force them to the fight,
And enter ev'ry breast that aims at flight.
Glows not each bosom with indignant ire,
Such threats, such insults would the dead inspire;
Each youthful breast with martial ardor warm,
The aged fire, and nerve the coward's arm
To rush with ruthless fury on the foe,
And add redoubled force to ev'ry blow.
Gaul no superior courage does display,
One fatal error lost Marengo's day;
To British valor Egypt's army falls.
And Sydney drove their chief from Acre's walls;
See sable Dessalines pursue their host;
And drive them headlong from Domingo's coast;
Hear India's chiefs deplore their late disgrace,
While Wellesley's troops their flying armies chace,
Exulting call these victories to mind,
Nor fear the hardest, noblest task behind;
That will eclipse each glorious deed before,
To drive th' invader from our sea-girt shore.

* Bonaparte declared to Moreau, that after he had subdued England, he would compel the effective men to re-conquer St. Domingo.

Withington, Salop. S. EDWARDS.

Literary Review.

Ancient and Modern Malta; containing a Description of the Ports and Cities of the Islands of Malta and Goza; together with the Monuments of Antiquity still remaining; the different Governments to which they have been subjected; their Trade and Finances; as also the History of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, from their first establishment in Malta till the beginning of the 19th Century; with a particular Account of the Events which preceded and attended the Capture by the French, and Conquest by the English. By Louis de Boisgelin, Knight of Malta. With an Appendix, containing a number of authentic State Papers, and other Documents; a Chart of the Island, Views, Portraits, Antiquities, &c. In Three Quarto Volumes.

MALTA has long been the subject of renown, it has made no small figure in history, and at the present moment its name is known for the dissension which the island has occasioned between France and Britain throughout the world.

This very valuable and interesting work is divided into several books, and they subdivid-

ed into chapters, so that the history of the island is traced with minuteness, from its first origin down to its present period of celebrity. We have been much entertained with the account, and light is thrown on topics connected with the politics of Europe; indeed it is almost impossible to understand the affairs of modern history without reading, and even studying the work before us. The appendix contains some curious papers, and the charts, together with the plates, constitute a very useful, as well as ornamental embellishment to the work. So splendid and elaborate a publication is seldom to be met with, and we are only doing justice to the contents when we add, that it ought to have a principal place assigned it in every gentleman's library.

Letters written during a Tour through South Wales, in the Year 1803, and at other Times; containing Views of the History, Antiquities, and Customs of that Part of the Principality; and interspersed with Observations on its Scenery, Agriculture, Botany, Trade, and Manufactures. By the Rev. J. Evans, B. A. late of Jesus College, Oxon.

IT is truly astonishing to think of the number of *Tours* that has been written of late years on the Principality. In all forms and sizes, of all classes and description, have they made their appearance before the public. It is a proof that we live in a *book-making* age—though we

are far from pretending to say how far each volume, issuing from the press, may be pronounced conducive to improvement.

The reader, after these prefatory observations, may be ready to think that we are about to condemn the work—by no means—it is a production of real merit. After the number of tourists that have preceded him, we are astonished to meet with so much information, and with so great a variety.

Certain it is, that Wales, in many respects, is a most curious and interesting portion of our country. Its history, manners, customs, and antiquities, afford ample matter of research, and well repay the attention. Thither our forefathers were driven by the Saxon invader, and on that spot they exhibited manifold instances of their bravery. We venerate therefore the recesses of Cambria, and we record its exploits with exultation.

Mr. Evans, we understand, is a worthy clergyman of Bristol; he has before published an account of North Wales; and, by the publication of his present work, the plan seems completed. He writes with discernment and impartiality. Having visited the parts he describes, we meet with many shrewd remarks on what occurred. We admire also the freedom with which he animadverts on certain things—it is at once a proof of his patriotism, and his piety—such men are real friends to their country.

A Description of Blackpool, in Lancashire; frequented for Sea-bathing. By W. Hutton, F.A.S. Second Edition.

THIS said *Blackpool*, we understand, is much frequented by the inhabitants of Manchester, Liverpool, &c. therefore this account, which is neatly drawn up, will no doubt be acceptable to persons in that part of the country. According to Mr. Hutton, the place is pleasant and retired—and several have found relief in frequenting it. It appears from the preface that Mr. Hutton was never paid for the first edition by certain persons of Blackpool; we are therefore sorry to hear that the spot is more famed for health than for honesty! In the heart of the pamphlet we have a kind of dissertation on the word *rebel*—the writer tells us that *a heretic in religion, and a rebel in politics, only mean the weaker side*—a truly curious position to meet with in pages devoted to amusement and recreation!

Elegantiæ Latinæ; or, Rules and Exercises illustrative of elegant Latin Style, intended for the Use of the higher Classes of Grammar Schools. The second Edition, considerably improved.

THIS is the production of the *Rev. Edward Valpy*, brother of the celebrated Dr. Valpy, of Reading. It is a very valuable performance, and we are glad to find that it has so

soon reached a second edition. Every young gentleman, who wishes to be thoroughly acquainted with the Latin language, should have it in his possession. The use of Clarke and Mair are very proper for the young pupil —but these pages alone can make him an elegant classic, so far as it relates to the language of the Romans—a people who, by their courage and bravery, rendered themselves masters of the world.

Paradise Lost; a Poem, in twelve Books. By John Milton. A new Edition; with an Abridgment of the copious and learned Notes collected by Bishop Newton; together with Additions, and a Life of the Author. By the Rev. John Evans, A. M. in two Volumes, illustrated by Engravings.

THIS neat, and very elegant edition, of PARADISE LOST, is dedicated to the celebrated Rev. Dr. Valpy, in these words—

"To the *Rev. Richard Valpy*, D.D. F.S.A. master of a most respectable seminary at Reading, Berks; this edition of an immortal poem, rendered more subservient to the purposes of instruction and entertainment, by an abridgment of notes collected for its elucidation, by an illustrious prelate of the church of England—is inscribed as a mark of esteem, by his much obliged friend, J. Evans."

The nature and design of this edition are thus explained in the *editor's advertisement*—

" Sensible and learned men have, at different times, employed their talents for the illustration of PARADISE LOST. The result of their labours has been concentrated by the indefatigable Bishop Newton in his notes to the edition of that poem which was published about fifty years ago, and which met with an uncommon degree of acceptance from the public. Having been in the habit of reading this admired edition of PARADISE LOST to my own pupils once a year, with the view of improving their taste, and of imparting to them a relish for the beauties of genuine poetry—it occurred to me that an abridgment of its copious and excellent notes would prove an acceptable present, not only to young people, but to readers of every description. At the bottom of the page therefore, in the present edition, obscure terms arising either from obsolete language, or from references to passages of scripture, or from allusions to geography, history, mythology, &c. receive an explication. The head-lines also will lead the young mind to recognise those rapid transitions which critics have always ranked among the fascinating charms of poetry. The task has been the amusement of my winter evenings, and I trust the intelligent reader will not, upon a careful examination, be inclined to deny me the humble praise of industrious fidelity."

The work has twenty-four embellishments, each exquisite in its kind, and, by the choice

of its subject, well adapted for general illustration and improvement.

Friendship in Death, in twenty Letters from the Dead to the Living. To which are added, Letters Moral and Entertaining, in Prose and Verse, in three Parts. By Mrs. Rowe.

MRS. Elizabeth Rowe, who lived and died at Frome, in Sormersetshire, was a most pious and excellent woman. She was also a lady of considerable talents; and her works have been sanctioned with no small portion of the public approbation. Her publications are various—but all display her taste and her piety. The principal work is certainly her *Letters Moral and Entertaining*, which no young person should be without, and which no young person can read without gratification. The views of the Supreme Being are amiable and engaging — the knowledge of human life is great, and every topic discussed, is favorable to human felicity. *The Letters from the Dead to the Living* are happily imagined, and well executed. The idea was not new, for LUCIAN, in his *Dialogues of the Dead*, had set the example. But this interesting mode of composition is here made subservient to the best interests of mankind.

This *edition*, embellished with an engraving of some interesting circumstances attending her death, cannot fail to prove an acceptable present to the religious world.

Retrospect of the Political World.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1804.

THE rumours of INVASION, which have been afloat for some months, and which seemed sometime ago to encrease, are now again somewhat subsided. Not but that the enemy are assembled in equal force on their own coasts, and are shewing themselves occasionally on the ocean. BONAPARTE is visiting Brussels, and other parts of the netherlands; and, it is said, again to visit Paris before he returns to the coast. His sitting in an old trumpery chair at Bologne, and receiving the homage of his vassals, served only to excite our risibility. Indeed he understands well the nature of Frenchmen, always fond of childish show and empty pomposity.

It is with pleasure we learn that the whole line of the BRITISH COAST is so thoroughly guarded. Several thousands of brave and gallant Britons are ready to receive the invaders, and chastise their presumption. We ought not to relax in vigilance, it is our business to keep an incessant watch over so artful and inveterate an enemy.

His MAJESTY having held a council at Weymouth, has thought fit to prorogue the *parliament* of Great Britain till *November*, when they will of course meet for the dispatch of important business. Success attend all their procedures—so far as they may be adapted to promote the welfare and prospertiy of our country.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1804.

1. A COLOSSAL figure of Victory, in one piece of most delicately white marble, eight feet in height, was conveyed through the streets of London, covered by a white sheet. It attracted much the attention of persons as it passed from Mr. Flaxman's house to the Abbey, where it will be used for a monument erecting to the memory of Captain Montague, who fell in the action of the first of June.

4. A glass-maker at Liverpool, taking up a knife to beat his son with the handle, the mother interfering — the knife fell from the father's hand in such a direction, as to pierce the kidneys of the boy! — The child died — and the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of *manslaughter*. Parents may learn a lesson of caution from this melancholy accident—in the correction of their children.

6. A fire broke out in the laboratory of Messrs. Bush and Howard, chemists and druggists, of Cannon-street. In spite of the exertions of the firemen, the warehouse was burnt to the ground, with all the goods, wares, chemical apparatus, &c. to a considerable amount. The volunteers assembled belonging

to the neighbourhood, and by their activity were very serviceable on the awful occasion.

12. A lady dressed in the most elegant style, went into the shop of a jeweller in Oxford-street—soon after a servant in livery came in, and with his hat off said aloud to her, "Sir Robert is in the carriage, my lady"—"Very well, (she replied) I will be with him in a few minutes." She then paid for two rings, got into her carriage, and drove off with Sir Robert. On the jeweller's returning to his shop, having attended her ladyship to her carriage, he found that she had taken five other rich diamond rings, by which his stock was considerably diminished. No circumstances has yet transpired which might lead to detection.

15. Two young men were charged at the office, Marlborough-street, with breaking the peace. They had become enamoured of a lady's dressing-maid, and severally, as well as successfully, paid their addresses to her. A jealousy arising between these joint lovers, occasioned a contest thus settled by the magistracy.

18. A singular accident happened near Croydon, in Surry. A gentleman shooting a partridge, in company with his friend—the latter, running to pick it up, fell down a precipice—but he got on his feet again! Being asked if he was hurt—he answered "Not at all"—but scarcely uttering these words—he expired!

26. Captain Jones, a very respectable officer, near Margate, was stopped by three ruffians, whom he bravely resisted, though nearly at the expense of his life. Nothing has been heard of the villains, who made off without having plundered him.

22. The workmen employed in repairing the church at Wottonunderedge, upon removing some plaister from a wall, found an antique painting of St. *Christopher* carrying Our Saviour in his arms! It is illustrative of some old legendary tale. There is much expression in the countenance of the saint, and the whole picture is neat and impressive. The whole however is without the least relief.

26. Lord and Lady Mayoress visit Sir John Eamer on Blackheath: the meeting was pleasant and convivial—a great number of persons assembled, and there was considerable hilarity on the occasion.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS
FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

CHARLES Hancock, Horncastle, Lincoln, taylor. Robert Smith, Williton, Somerset, draper. George Francis, Bridgend, Glamorgan, shopkeeper. John Fearney, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hardwareman. Henry Hutchings the Younger, High Holborn, baker. Richard Clark, Warminster, Wiltshire, horse-dealer. William Comer, Bristol, dealer in clay. Robert Westlake, Exeter, grocer. Wm. Wedge, of Helston, Cornwall, li-

quor-merchant. John Thomas Raynes, late of Quebec-street, Mary-le-bone, master-mariner.—James Norman and George Worthington, of Charlton-row, Manchester, common-brewers. Chalwell Billing, of Egloshayle, Cornwall, watch-maker. Anthony Langworth, East Smithfield, stable-keeper. John Brown Musselwhite, late of Wareham, Dorset, butcher. Joshua Eaton, Liverpool, merchant. John Brown, junior, Liverpool, merchant. Jonathan Mead, Southminster, Essex, sadler and collar-maker. John Lodge, London Wall, carpenter. Thomas Speed, Cannon-street, druggist. Henry Cowley, Plymouth Dock, innkeeper. George Andrews, Sherborne, butcher. John Lester, Barbican, coal-merchant. Joseph Burnet, Sherborne, mercer and draper. Alexander Ryan and William Baynes, late of Harrington, Liverpool, joiners. Francis Courtenay Devenish, late of St. Martin's Lane, upholder. William Wilsone and John Wilsone, Basinghall-street, woollen-drapers. Nathaniel Long, Oxford, Taylor. John Wilkinson, Leeds, woolstapler. Richard Ireland Gifford, Bristol, skinner. Thomas Allen, Warrington, corn-dealer. William Dean, Bristol, linen-draper. Robert Hilton, Holliwell-street, Strand, victualler. William Harris, Drury-lane, woollen-draper. Henry Williams, Shepherd's-market, May-fair, grocer. John Lee, Liverpool, merchant. John Took, Methwold, Norfolk, grocer. William Wingfield, late of Liverpool, merchant. David Roberts, Chester, iron-monger. William Wakeford, Horsham, Sussex, shopkeeper. John Rideing, Liverpool, and William Lever, Manchester, merchants and partners. John Dethick, Derby, grocer. Thomas Parkinson and John Parkinson, Coleman street, London, chymists and druggists. Mary Moore, Albemarle-street, fancy-dress-maker. William

Cole, Gosport, wine-merchant. Robert Penniall, butcher, Laurence Pountney-lane, London, wine-merchant. Charles Weston and Robert Weston, Foster-lane, Cheapside, London, warehousemen.

REMARKABLE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIED.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Hon. Charles Stewart, son of the Earl of Londonderry, to Lady Catherine Bligh, sister of the Earl of Darnley. The bride's dress was plain muslin, trimmed with Brussels lace, a white satin bonnet, with a deep Brussels veil. Immediately after the ceremony, the happy pair set off for Bayham Abbey, Kent, the seat of Earl Camden.

At Lambeth church, Frederick Benjamin King, Esq. of College Hill, to Miss Austin, of Oundle.

At Withycombe, near Exmouth, Thomas Redhead, Esq. of Snare Hill House, in the county of Norfolk, to Miss Eleanor Baring, daughter of Charles Baring, Esq of Courtland, Devon.

On the 31st. ult. at St. John, Hackney, Robert Roper, Esq. of Kingsland, to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Nash, of the city.

John Scott, Esq. of the Adelphi Terrace, to Miss Charlotte Fry, of Congersbury, near Bristol.

Thomas Shackle, Esq. of Hayes, to Miss Whittington, of Hillingdon.

Lately, Captain Baron Schmeiden, of the King's Germain Heavy Dragoons, to Miss Sophia Elton, of Stapleton-house, Gloucestershire.

Edward Moses, Esq. of Finsbury-square, to Miss Rose Joachem, niece of Abraham Goldsmid, Esq. of the same place.

Lately, Lord Viscount Ranelagh, to Miss Stephens, daughter to Sir Philip Stephens, at his seat at Fulham. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of London. The bride wore a fine soft muslin dress, trimmed with rich broad Mechlin lace, a most beautiful lace veil, &c. After the ceremony they set off to Lord Henry Stewart's seat in Hampshire, where they will pass a few days.

DEATH.

Wednesday, the 20th, at three o'clock, the Bishop of Downe, in Arlington-street, after a long and painful illness. He was the son of a dignitary of the church in Ireland, who sent him to Eton school for his education. There he became acquainted with Mr. Fox, and an intimacy was formed, which riper years cemented into the warmest friendship, and ceased but with the death of the bishop. At an early age he married a Miss Symmes, a lady as amiable as she was beautiful, and with whom he enjoyed the most enviable state of conjugal felicity. This amiable woman has now to mourn, with a numerous family, the best of fathers and husbands. He was a man of the most elegant and refined manners; a statesman of the most independent principles; as a scholar he had few equals. He was also the much esteemed friend of the Earl of Moira. His lordship was nineteen years Bishop of Downe and Connor, from which he is now translated to a better world.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Portrait given in the present Number is taken from the painting favoured by our friend Crito; and we trust it will not only meet his approbation, but our readers in general. Several correspondents will find their favours in the present number, which want of time prevents us from particularising.

ADMIRAL GARDINER.